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REVIEWS.

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ning up to the present day, as, of course, is also the Oxford Catholicising Movement. But the history of the Roman Church in England from, let us say, Emancipation to 1845 or 1850, has not been told with any width of outlook and conception. Wiseman's "life" fell in momentous "times," which deserve an ample record: and the life cannot be understood without a clear understanding of movements and events in many countries, which had a profound influence upon Wiseman, and so helped him to his influence upon England. In a very wide and various sense, he was a man of the world, and his biographer—or, at least, his first adequate and authoritative biographer—must needs handle a multiplicity of matters.

It is upon Wiseman, as the majority of his countrymen will regard him, that we wish to dwell, rather than upon the ecclesiastic: upon Wiseman, as an Englishman of greatness, if not a man of genius. His origin and early experiences were strangely cosmopolitan. Upon the publication, at the age of twenty-five, of his "*Horæ Syriacæ*," he was described by a German critic as an "in Spain born, from an Irish family descended, in England educated, in Rome residing, Syriac scholar." Had that critic lived to record Wiseman's other and future characteristics and accomplishments, he must have done his best in one interminable sentence to say that Wiseman was something of a musician, painter, romance-writer, poet; very much of a linguist, orator, and controversialist; a popular lecturer upon science, art, and social questions; a lover of pomp, puns, and good cheer; the most unpopular man in England when consecrated first Archbishop of Westminster, and among the most regretted when he died. Withal, a simple, natural, childlike, and saintly man, whom Browning was yet not wholly and utterly unjust in portraying as "Bishop Blougram," though the portrait be mainly unjust: a man who, setting foot in England as Cardinal, was in some real peril of his life from mob violence, and who, passing through London to his burial, passed through sorrowful and respectful crowds, only less great than those which honoured the hearse of the Great Duke. Every inch a prince, he was addressed by his frequent correspondent, the third Napoleon, "*mon cousin*," mediæval wise; when he visited Ireland, the first Cardinal to do so since Rinuccini's mission, the nation flung itself at his feet to "kiss the purple." But he was happiest, with little children on his knees and round his neck. He was conscious of high station and a far higher mission when he issued pastorals and letters couched in the traditional "grand style" of Rome: but his heart was lighter when he composed devout little plays for convent schools. As Newman wrote of him, he could "speak with readiness and point in half-a-dozen languages, without being detected for a foreigner in any of them, and at ten minutes' notice address a congregation from a French pulpit or the select audience of an Italian Academy"; but his letters show this rare and ornate linguist inflicting upon his intimates unpardonable puns, and a sort of ecclesiastical wit or slang, bordering—to the lay mind—upon

irreverence. Clearly a versatile man, easily misunderstood by friends and foes; but he succeeded in making himself understood as a man of singular straightforwardness and candour, and as a man of very rich and full development in all that concerns or becomes the spiritual and intellectual life. As such he was finally recognised, and his country became proud of him, as they became proud of Newman and Manning.

Each in his way the three men did one work of a twofold aspect. They worked to Europeanise, Cosmopolitanise, Romanise, the somewhat Gallican minds of the hereditary English Catholics; and they worked to exhibit before their other fellow citizens the compatibility of Catholicism with loyal citizenship and with participation in the national life. Each had a special animosity to face. Newman, in Disraeli's famous phrase, dealt the Church of England a blow from which she yet reels; Wiseman was the hero, or the villain, of the "Papal Aggression"; Manning was the protagonist of those two unpopular causes, the Temporal Power and Papal Infallibility. Each lived to convince his countrymen that he was a sincere and truthful man. That conceded, and it has abundantly been conceded, the day was won. They did not convert England to their Church, but they did convert it to the conviction that an English Catholic need not be a bad and treacherous Englishman. And it is this very quality of truthfulness and candour which explains all that needs explanation in the relations of the three to each other, and to those with whom they had mutual relations. The three men were of most dissimilar temperaments and of an equal sincerity. Little psychological skill is needed to comprehend the natural issue of those conditions in occasional misapprehensions, passing silences, seeming estrangements. Tennyson said of Dr. Ward that he was "grotesquely truthful"; so, but with a somewhat subtler and clerical decorum, were the three cardinals. It is an absurdity to admit, as all admit, that they have vindicated the consistency of their careers and motives, while remaining capable of insincerities and intrigues, one against another. It is enough to remember that at their deaths the almost unanimous verdict upon each of them was the public testimony of all creeds and classes to their straightforwardness and honour.

Mr. Ward has drawn for us a somewhat pathetic figure. At first sight, we do not think of Wiseman as a man of many sorrows or heavy burdens: but there are pages here most intimate and sacred, showing a side of him that he never showed to the world. Indeed, the world judged him but too often by appearances; whence such a description, as this by Charlotte Brontë, not quoted by Mr. Ward:

"He is a big portly man, something of the shape of Mr. Morgan; he has not merely a double, but a treble and quadruple chin; he has a very large mouth with oily lips, and looks as if he would relish a good dinner with a bottle of wine after it. He came swimming into the room smiling, simpering, and bowing like a fat old lady, and sat down very demure in his chair, and looked the picture of a sleek hypocrite. He was dressed in black, like a bishop or dean in plain clothes, but wore

scarlet gloves and a brilliant scarlet waistcoat. A bevy of inferior priests surrounded him, many of them very dark-looking and sinister men. The cardinal spoke in a smooth, whining manner, just like a canting Methodist preacher. The audience seemed to look up to him as to a god."

That is exceedingly, though unintentionally, amusing: but it is a typical specimen of the quaint distrust which Wiseman's manner inspired among the prejudiced, who loved to call him "oily"—i.e., dangerous, and "suave"—i.e., insinuating. Had he retained the thin and stooping form of his youth, they would have called him a pallid inquisitor. But though he lived down reproaches thus silly, and others more serious, his life leaves an impression of sadness. For all that his heart was in his English labours, he seems burdened with the weight of cares laid upon him as he goes his uphill way. The Rome that he paints with so rich and wistful a sympathy in his book upon *The Four Last Popes*—a Rome unknown to this generation—haunted him: it was so absolutely congenial to him, as the shrine of faith and of culture, as a world apart. And with all his thoroughly English nature, he had, as it were, a second nature of foreign ways and likings, the result of his studious years in Italy, his converse with foreign scholars, his multifarious contact with large and liberal aspects of life. It was of necessity a little hard to find even one of his own countrymen, a member of a learned profession, so heartlessly consumed with narrow hatred as publicly to suggest that he was "a Spanish mule," the offspring of his mother and a "Catholic priest." His mother was living! It seems incredible now, but he heard plenty of such cruel insults then, in days when to call Archbishop Cullen of Dublin "the archiepiscopal pumpkin of Ireland" was a comparatively courteous expression. He lived down all such envenomed vulgarities; he breathed a new spirit into his own people; he became an admired and venerated figure in public life; yet there was bitterness in his cup and thorns along his way. Though Mr. Ward shows us the abundant joys of his life, religious and secular, spiritual and intellectual, private and public, yet he has destroyed the Wiseman of a not unkindly fiction, which has been wont to portray him as an excellent prelate, zealous indeed in the discharge of his functions, but chiefly fond of expatiating upon catacombs and basilicas and the delicacies of ritual, not without a genuine, if cautious, interest in the problems of physical science. What our ancestors loved to call the "virtuoso" was truly strong in him, as were the instincts of scholarship and study in a larger sense: but in these volumes we are face to face with something greater than all that. It is a man with whom religion was the whole of life, and who lived in "latter days," when religion and civilisation seem now to anathematise each other, now to treat each other with tacit contempt. He could but mourn at so fatal a thing, as would be the divorce of faith from all that *littera humaniores* mean, of devotion from culture, of Christianity from civility, of the Church's life from the world's: he could but sorrow

at the possible prospect of religion unable, for no fault of her own, to be both generous and rigid, and, therefore, forced to preserve the rigidity of truth at the cost of curbing generosity in action. The friend of statesmen and of philosophers, both clerical and laic, the history of his own times aroused in him alternations of hope and fear: while for England, and for his own cause in England, his hopes and fears were of a personal and special poignancy. Upon these grave matters we cannot touch here. We will but say that Mr. Ward, following his wonted admirable fashion, has dealt with them in an epilogue full of suggestive speculation, not to say wise counsel.

If we shall have left upon our readers the impression that these ample volumes are anything but attractive and fascinating, even to those who care little for their special and paramount questions, the fault will be exclusively ours. They are rich in humour and in the charming accidents of humanity, rich in valuable historic retrospect, filled with good matter, and written with an excellent art. And yet, despite all this—perhaps even partly because of it—the figure of Nicholas Wiseman, Cardinal and Archbishop, stands forth not only *sacerdos magnus* and *homo venustus*, but as one much-tried and much-enduring.

SIGNOR GRAF'S NEW POEMS.

Le Danaidi. By Arturo Graf. (Turin: Ermanno Loescher.)

ARTURO GRAF occupies a somewhat isolated position among contemporary Italian writers. Influenced neither by Carducci nor by D'Annunzio, whose sway has until recently been supreme in Italian poetry, nor much occupied by the social problems and miseries which supply matter for other poets of modern Italy, the characteristic note of his work has hitherto been a pessimism as profound as Leopardi's, but more strenuous. The themes that inspire him are of the gloomiest kind, and he renders them in highly finished verse, simple in technique, perfect in lucidity, and with terrible directness.

In the prologue to an earlier volume, Signor Graf hailed Medusa as the universal spirit of the world and as the inspiring muse of his song. In the opening sonnet, which gives its title to the present work, he represents human life and human efforts in the endless labour and fruitless torment of the daughters of Danaus. In other powerful sonnets Hope is "la mala pianta," the evil plant that man strives in vain to destroy, but which ever lives and produces poisonous fruit. Not only does Autumn raise up pallid ghosts and miserable remembrances in the soul, but Spring itself merely suggests fresh budding of flowers of pain. A sonnet on "Contemplation" becomes almost a prayer for annihilation.

Such subjects attract him as *La Caccia Disperata*, a wild hunt of a spectral deer by spectral dogs and horsemen; or the grim pleasantries of the *Dama dello Scheletro*, where a skeleton leaps out to dance in the

sunlight, but, seeing by chance his own reflection in a stream, flies back to his grave in horror at the sight. Here, too often, Signor Graf mars his own work by excess, and is merely grotesque instead of being terrible. The finest poem of this class is the "Carica Notturna." Night has descended upon a plain where a great battle has been fought, but there is no more peace and rest for the dead than for the living. At the sound of a spectral drum they rise to new conflicts; hoarse blasts of trumpets ring out, phantom trains of artillery sweep past, and the field resounds with the tramp of dead hosts, as the moon gleams upon bayonets and lances, while fiendish parodies of martial music sound the charge of the dead. The "Città dei Titani" is grim satire of another kind. A vast and splendid city, built with superhuman power and adorned with inimitable art, remains to bear witness of the sublime wisdom and power of that ancient race that made war upon the gods. Many centuries later a wretched race of pigmies, neither good nor bad, neither beautiful nor ugly, come to the deserted place. At first they strive in vain to complete the work which the Titans had begun, and then, equally ineffectually, to destroy it. Such, apparently, is the poet's conception of the present of the human race in comparison with its past.

The chief poem in this volume is the "Ultimo Viaggio di Ulisse," told in endecasyllabic lines, "a rima baciata," which, of course, correspond to our rhymed heroics. In much greater detail than Tennyson, and with occasionally close adherence to Dante's version of the story in the *Inferno*, Graf describes how weariness and consequent self-contempt grows upon Ulysses like a subtle poison creeping through his veins, and then his address to his comrades, the mysterious voyage, and at last, with admirable poetic force, the bursting of the storm, the tremendous rush of the great white horses—

"A mostro: i agoni
Corron confusamente i cavalloni"—

and swallowing up of the ships. This is the first example that Graf has given us of a real power of sustained poetical narrative, but, as Signor Cesare de Lollis remarks in a highly appreciative review contributed to the *Nuova Antologia*, the poet, not content with retelling the old story, makes it illustrate one of the gloomy maxims of his pessimistic philosophy, and in the final catastrophe symbolises the helplessness of human will and daring against the power of adverse destiny. Excepting this, Graf's method for once somewhat recalls that of William Morris; and, in the spirit of the *Earthly Paradise*, he tells as a companion poem to the Voyage of Ulysses a mediæval legend in the same metre and at about the same length—"La Leggenda di Ecarto," which is practically a fuller and more powerful rendering of the story of the Monk Felix in Longfellow's "Golden Legend." And, in this instance, Signor Graf enters into the spirit of the Middle Ages and tells the exquisite fable of the singing of the mystical white Bird of Paradise without any infusion of his own pessimism.

When the monk Eccarto wakes from his trance of a hundred years, that had seemed but a moment, it is the spring of the year 1300, the year of Dante's vision; and, at the Mass in the convent chapel, as Eccarto receives the "bianco pan degli angeli" from the prior's hands, his old age suddenly falls upon him, and he passes away to hear again the bird's song in Heaven.

Nor is the pessimism of Graf quite so hopeless here as in his former volumes. Like Shelley, he chooses Prometheus and the other Titans as types of the human race, and is not without hope for their future. In the "Città dei Titani," when the pigmies disappear, the deserted city awaits the return of its Titans to give it new life and to complete their ancient work; and in the "Titano Sepolto" the victim of Jove's oppression, still unsubdued, at last cuts his way up through the mountainous mass that lies upon him, and rises again exulting to see the sun and the glory of the world. "Upon the golden cornfields he gazes, and the wooded hills and the sea, and with an immense cry of joy awakes the earth and makes heaven tremble":

"Biondi i campi di spiche ei mira e denso
D'arbori il giogo e il mar senza alcun velo,
E con un grido di letizia immenso
Sveglia la terra e fa tremare il cielo."

This little book is certainly one of the most noteworthy volumes of Italian poetry published during the past twelve months, and should make a very striking poet better known to English readers than he is at present.

THE COPTS AND THEIR CHURCH.

The Story of the Church of Egypt. By E. L. Butcher. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

A BOOK by a lady who is, if we mistake not, the wife of the chaplain of the English Church in Cairo. It begins with an account of the rise of Egyptian Christianity, but long before the Arab invasion is reached melts into a history of the Egyptian or Coptic nation, a fact which is impressed on the reader only by the sub-title. To say that Mrs. Butcher lacks the critical faculty would be to understate the case, for she does not even seem to be aware of its existence. If a character in her history is a Pagan, a Mohammedan, a Roman Catholic, or a member of the Melchite or Greek Church in Egypt, she looks upon him as *ipso facto* capable of the worst crimes, and his delinquencies are recorded when discoverable, and suggested when they are not. Should he, on the other hand, be a Christian, a member of the Coptic Church, or (to take what is apparently in her view the proudest title in the hierarchy) a married priest, his offences are omitted, slurred over, or apologised for. Poor Hypatia, we are told, may have been as beautiful, but was certainly not as young, as is generally supposed at the date of her murder, and Cyril could not [read: without losing popularity with the monks] have punished her murderers if he would. Nor is it the case that immediately after

the alliance of the Christian Church with Constantine, "the lurking-places of the heretics," in the words of the orthodox Eusebius, "were broken up by the emperor's command, and the savage beasts they harboured driven to flight." Mrs. Butcher assures us that it was the wicked Arians, "the forerunners," she says, "of those who call themselves Unitarians," who "have the unenviable distinction of being the first Christian persecutors." And so on throughout the book. It never seems to have entered the author's head that the persecuting Emperors of Rome were in the main wise and patriotic rulers, who saw in Christianity a real danger to the state, or that "a true Jesuit," to use her contemptuous phrase, was generally willing to run all risks on the mere chance of preaching the same gospel as herself.

The accuracy with which the book is written may be judged from its sources. Although no verifiable references are given, we learn from a list of authorities subjoined to the preface that it is compiled from such works as the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, Stanley's *Lectures on the Eastern Church*, Neale's *Patriarchate of Alexandria*, and the like, the authors being, as a rule, more remarkable for their orthodoxy than for their breadth of view. And, not content with reproducing the mistakes of these authorities, she introduces so many of her own that a list of them would be nearly as long as the book itself. We can forgive in a female author the spelling of "*Avidus* Cassius," "*Ammonius Saccus*," and "*Oxyrhynchon*," and the translation of "*Osorapi*" as "*Osiris the Concealed*"; but could not some of her clerical friends have warned her against writing "*Gregory of Nazianzen*," and against making such astounding statements as that "*Nestorius* taught that our Lord was not Himself God, but merely" an impeccable man?

And yet, in spite of all this, candour compels us to say that Mrs. Butcher has written a very interesting book. The history of the Roman Church is, and always will be, the history of the Christian world; but Egyptian history is a more recondite matter, and the record, however faulty and careless it may be, of a Church which has preserved its national character unchanged for nearly nineteen centuries must needs have the deepest interest for all who care for antiquity. Moreover, after the schism between the Eastern and Western Churches, Mrs. Butcher enters upon less familiar ground, and her mistakes are, therefore, less glaring. We have read with great pleasure her simple but romantic narrative of the perils and hardships through which the Monophysite Church of Egypt passed after breaking with Rome until she at length reached safe harbour under the English flag. Mrs. Butcher will doubtless not agree with us in thinking that the Coptic Church in the main deserved all the persecution she got, and that the theological virtues are of no avail to an individual or an institution when united with cowardice, greed, and intolerance. But Egypt is now beginning to be overrun with tourists of a class not very likely to be critical, who will overlook her mistakes in consideration of the clear outline she gives of a subject on

which most of them are profoundly ignorant, and to them we can commend her book. If they want to extract a moral from it, they may find one in the proof it affords that nothing is so fatal to a nation as the admission of the ministers of any religion to political power. In the case of Egypt, the mischief was done many centuries before the coming of Christianity. No sooner had the priests of Amen obtained supreme control of the country than its best men began to prefer praying to fighting, while the priesthood appears to have been always ready to welcome an invader who promised to leave their privileges untouched. The history of Egypt from the time of Alexander to the English occupation repeats the same story on every page.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

A Short History of the British Navy—1217 to 1688. By David Hannay. (Methuen & Co.)

ALTHOUGH the remarkable interest in naval matters which the past ten years have witnessed has, as might have been expected, called forth a corresponding addition to our supply of naval literature, yet until the last few months no serious attempts had been made to give us something more accurate and up to date than James's well-known *Naval History*. The ambitious work now being written by Mr. Laird Clowes and his coadjutors will no doubt, when completed, go far towards filling this serious gap in our nation's history; but such an analysis of the use of our sea power, though highly valuable to naval students and men of leisure, is far too lengthy and erudite to secure the interest and attention of the general public. The *Short History of the British Navy* which Mr. Hannay has undertaken to write will give us what we have long waited for. The remarkable gift which Macaulay possessed of denuding history of all dryness, while at the same time retaining a true grasp of the subject, is shown in this new volume to a most remarkable degree. It is no exaggeration to say that if the second volume, which we are told is to bring the history of our Navy up to the close of the French war, is as ably written as the one now before us, the work will rank as an English classic of a very high order. Mr. Hannay is lucky in finding a subject so congenial to his literary style and so worthy of his best efforts. It is curious that such a fascinating theme has never until now been dealt with by any of our great writers. Probably the risk, which the author tells us he is fully alive to, of a landsman falling into error when writing on nautical affairs has been the reason for the long neglect of the Navy by our historians. But as no naval critic, with the exception of Capt. Mahan, has yet been found worthy of the task, Mr. Hannay has now stepped into the breach and has taken up the subject so thoroughly and to such purpose that it will be hard for any who come after to surpass him.

The author divides the maritime history of this country into three stages. First, "the ages during which the people was being formed and the weapon forged, which extended to the accession of Henry VII."; second, from the latter date until "the close of the seventeenth century, when superiority of powers at sea had been fully won"; and the third, beginning with the Revolution until our own time. It is with the first two periods that the present volume deals.

The first of these periods the author only treats in a cursory manner. He could hardly have done otherwise, for the history of the Navy in the Middle Ages appears to be inextricably bound up with that of the contending factions throughout the State. The Navy as a Royal force did not exist, for it was not until the time of the Commonwealth that the service was rendered strong enough to dispense with the assistance of the mercantile marine when a fleet had to be mobilised. Yet during the ages of its inception we can easily trace, with Mr. Hannay's assistance, the processes by which sea power was brought home to the people of these islands as the foundation of their independence, and the weapon with which they could deal the most effective blows against their country's enemies. More interesting still, we can realise how the faculty for sea fighting was a national characteristic from the earliest times. The very first maritime action of any importance in our history showed this advantage in a vivid manner. In 1217 Eustace the Monk sailed from Calais with a fleet of eighty ships to succour Prince Louis, who had just been defeated at the battle of Lincoln. His intention was to round the Foreland and lay siege to London, an act which, if it had succeeded, would have changed the whole course of English history. Fortunately, "neither the man nor the means to avert the disaster were wanting." Hubert de Burgh, the Governor of Dover Castle, hastily gathered together the men of the Cinque Ports, and sailed with them in a quickly improvised fleet of sixteen large ships and smaller ones, with the object of preventing Eustace from doing harm on shore by beating him at sea before he could land. As Mr. Hannay truly says, "the man who reasoned like this had grasped the true principle of the defence of England." Hubert and his brave fellows showed themselves worthy ancestors of our latter-day seamen. After standing far out to sea and securing the windward position, they put their helms up and ran down upon the enemy's fleet, scattering and destroying them, so that not a man nor a ship remained above the surface of the water. Mr. Hannay's comments on this splendid but little known battle are significant. He says:

"The trial stroke of the English Navy was a master stroke. No more admirably planned, no more timely, no more fruitful battle has been fought by Englishmen on water. It settled for ever the question how best this country is to be defended. In after times, during the Armada year and later, there have been found men to talk of trusting to land defences, but the sagacity of Englishmen has taught them to rely on the Navy first, and that protection has

never failed us in six hundred and eighty years."

Truer words than these were never written, and no more convincing proof of their justice could be given than the simple history of the Navy itself.

It is, of course, impossible with the space at our disposal to trace out even in the slightest manner the thread of Mr. Hannay's narrative, wherein he describes the gradual evolution of the British Navy from the crudest materials, and marks its numerous advances and reverses during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts. Suffice to say that he has treated the history of the service from every possible aspect, and formed out of the scanty material at his disposal a narrative of fascinating interest and of the highest historical value. There is not a dry page in the whole volume, yet every one is marked with unmistakable evidence of painstaking research and the highest literary ability.

THE "EASTERN ASSOCIATION."

East Anglia and the Great Civil War. By Alfred Kingston. (Elliot Stock.)

For this scholarly, and at the same time readable, volume we have nothing but praise. The general purpose and scope of the book can best be explained by quoting the opening words of the preface: "In the following pages," says the author,

"I have endeavoured to show not so much what was the part of each individual member of the Eastern Counties Association in the Civil War, as what was their general contribution to the war, and what were the temper and the experience of the people of these Eastern Counties. To have told the story of each of the seven counties separately would have required as many volumes, and, besides, would have been inconsistent with the unity of this famous area of East Anglia, which, stirred by one common impulse, and having sufficient in common in situation and surroundings, assumed a distinctive character of its own, such as no individual county and no other part of the country could show."

Mr. Kingston has traced for us "the remarkable story" of the great Eastern Association—the backbone of the power of the Parliament—against which, when it was on the defensive in the earlier stages of the war, the Royalist attacks broke themselves in vain, and which later on assumed the offensive, and in the form of the New Model swept all before it in its irresistible advance. Owing to the peculiar importance, geographical, moral, fiscal, and military, of the Eastern Association, a work of this kind was almost necessary as a supplement to Mr. Gardiner's *Great Civil War*. But it was essential that it should be written by a trained and sufficiently equipped historical student. This Mr. Kingston has shown himself to be. His methods are those of a careful and conscientious scholar. He has drawn his materials from contemporary, and, to a considerable extent, from MS., sources, and where requisite he has stated his authorities.

In these interesting pages much light is thrown upon the inner working of the com-

mittees in the associated shires, and the many and various difficulties which the leading members of them had to face and surmount are brought home to us in a very definite and realistic manner. The story is naturally enlivened by local colouring, by personal action, and by isolated episodes, now quaint, now sad, now humorous, now heroic, such as the laws of proportion and perspective perforce eliminate from scientific history, but which, nevertheless, are indispensable to the completion of the picture of the past. We read, for instance, how when a batch of Royalist prisoners, famished and naked, were being marched through the streets of Cambridge, and scholars who offered them beer were knocked down by the guards, "a valiant chambermaid relieved them by force, and trampled under her feet, in the kennel, their great persecutor, a lubberly Scotch major"; how Parson Styles, of Crowland, and Parson Ram, of Spalding, the ritualist and the ranter, girt on the sword of the Lord and Gideon, and, backed by their respective flocks, waged a miniature civil war of their own, in the course of which, among other amenities, the men of Crowland were accused of using poisoned bullets; how at one of the assaults during the famous siege of Colchester by Fairfax, the "winking gates" of the town were clapt to with such feverish haste that on this occasion it was a case of the devil taking the foremost as well as the hindmost, for while the defenders trapped the front ranks of the Parliamentary foot, they shut out a number of their own men to be haled off to captivity by the besiegers. Then there is a pleasant little comedy, too long to relate here, in the matter of the plot to retake Lynn for the King in 1644; also a detailed and romantic account of the flight of Charles in disguise through the Fenland in the spring of 1646; while each party revealed a rudimentary sense of humour—though, perhaps, somewhat of the Red Indian type—in their practice of exposing their prisoners in conspicuous positions in the line of the enemy's fire: clerics, Laudian or Puritan as it might be, especially being selected for this Sebastian-like martyrdom. Thanks, however, to the sorry marksmanship of the period, the jest was seldom a complete success. One thoroughly English feature of the contest, and a feature which contrasts strongly with the contemporary atrocities and abominations of the Thirty Years' War, is here clearly brought out. However embittered the actual combatants became as the long struggle dragged on—if a Lucas or a Lisle was shot in cold blood by the Ironsides, or if a Roundhead recruiting squad was fallen upon by Cavaliers who "cut a-too the sinews of their right hands to make them unserviceable for fighting against their king"—yet women and children rarely met with personal violence or insult from either side.

There are some valuable appendices touching, among other things, on questions of finance and supply, which show the vast amounts of the assessments on the Associated Counties. A few illustrations are given: just enough to make one wish for more. We congratulate Mr. Kingston on a satisfactory performance of a useful task.

MATHILDE BLIND.

A Selection from the Poems of Mathilde Blind.
 Edited by Arthur Symons. (Fisher
 Unwin.)

THE reader of these selected poems of Mathilde Blind finds it difficult upon the last page to refrain from a sigh. This enthusiastic, noble woman wrote also prose tales and translations in prose, but her sustained ambition and her strength were put into her verse. She chose to be regarded as a poetess, and published one volume after another (*St. Oran, The Heather on Fire*), encouraged by the praise of undiscerning friends. Now, the pursuit of the poetic art is specially arduous. It is almost invariably a thankless pursuit, and one unpaid. Yet it calls for extraordinary powers of sensibility and intelligence. When, therefore, the life of a gifted woman is spent, and well-nigh fruitlessly, in the effort to become a poet, leaving not a single perfect poem and at most, let us say, ten short poems which are worth anything, one is tempted to look with bitterness on the attractions of the artistic career which can so sterilise an existence. Does so slenderly meritorious a production justify this lifelong endeavour? Perhaps it does. Perhaps the efforts of minor craftsmen are necessary to the preservation of traditions or of a favourable milieu for the growth of the greater craftsmen. Perhaps they alone among the contemporaries of a man of genius can estimate approximately his value. For theirs is the penetrating criticism of those who have manfully tried and failed, where he has tried and succeeded.

The verse of Mathilde Blind has not the true poetic quality. It has little or no imaginative insight; no creative, and little interpretative power. Her outdoor poems—such as "The Sower," "The Reapers," and "The Teamster"—are dull and conscientious studies. Her ambitious "Ascent of Man," in praise of the Darwinian idea, is, in most respects, extraordinarily prosaic. Her intelligence was not strong enough to consume, to fuse its scientific material into the glowing vapour of imaginative truth. The truths of poetry are nebulous as nascent stars. Scientific formulæ or "laws" gain nothing by being rhythmically enunciated. To live as poetry they must be born again.

Further, Miss Blind had no sense of proportion or design. She yokes an idea strong enough to draw a couple of stanzas to a luggage-train of twenty-five. In the piece entitled "Tombs of the Kings," which contains substantial stuff for a sonnet, the theme matter appears at the tail of a long poem. All preceding it is a string of conventional reflections about the vanity of glory. "Where," she asks, now "is Thebes? Where is Memphis?" Some faint notion of her complete lack of control may be gathered from the poem called "The Street Children's Dance," which we think Mr. Arthur Symons has been ill-advised to include in his selection. This pretty little theme is treated in nineteen lengthy stanzas. It will scarcely be believed, but is nevertheless true, that the subject of the poem is not even touched

until the fifteenth stanza is reached. Had the first fourteen been cut out, the remainder would have been a respectable poem.

Her diction is usually correct, adjectival, and yet colourless. It is curiously wanting in any of those felicities which, if not the invariable, are after all the readiest indications of artistic faculty. The epithets are redundant. Thus, blasts are "hurrying" (as if blasts were commonly sedate creatures), ghosts are "white," spells are "magic," rooks "swart," and infinite love, in the same line, is called "uncircumscribed." The word "vouched" is thus used:

"At last her keys
 Vouch'd passage to her sacred ways of old."

Among other pieces, we like "Noonday Rest," "The Mystic's Vision," "L'Envoi," "I charge you, O winds of the West," "I think of thee in watches of the night," "A Winter Landscape" is in its first part ill-written, but, on the whole, finely felt and observed. We will end by quoting a touching little piece.

"REST."

"We are so tired, my heart and I,
 Of all things here beneath the sky,
 One only thing would please us best—
 Endless, unfathomable rest."

We are so tired; we ask no more—
 Than just to slip out by Life's door,
 And leave behind the noisy rout
 And everlasting turn-about.

Once it seems I well to run on too
 With her importunate fevered crew,
 And snatch amid the frantic strife
 Some morsel from the board of life.

But we are tired. At Life's crude hands
 We ask no gift she understands;
 But kneel, to him she hates, to crave
 The absolution of the grave."

IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

In the West Country. By A. H. Norway.
 (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. A. H. NORWAY has written one book which contained facts that were new to most readers: his *History of the Post-Office Packet Service* must always continue to be of value to students of the history of Cornwall. As to the present volume, it is excellent, but not exciting, reading. The author plainly knows his authorities, and has extracted most of what is interesting in Hunt and Bottrell. He has discovered one or two stories that are new: we did not know, for example, that there is a haunted room in Cornwall where a small cold hand, that seems to seek comfort and sympathy, steals into the hand of everyone who occupies the room; though, of course, the tale has been told of many rooms in other parts of the country. But, for the most part, Mr. Norway follows the authorities, and repeats of each place visited only what they told a good many years ago. One can by no means deny that the Cornishman is still greatly given to superstition. Within the last few years the pages of that soberest of journals, the *Western*

Morning News, have testified abundantly to the fact that he is superstitious; and one remembers at least two cases wherein the belief in the evil eye has been confessed to before the magistrates. In one a man was charged with having starved his cattle, which were proved to be in a terrible state of emaciation. The farmer admitted that his kine were, indeed, but bags of bones, but swore stoutly that they had been fed abundantly. He explained their condition by suggesting that some unknown enemy had "ill-wished" them, casting a spell upon them that made it impossible they should prosper. The other case was one of assault and threat to murder, and the accused was a farmer who also found his cattle unduly meagre and fancied he had divined the person through whose machinations they were thus affected. But the Board schools have been doing their levelling work for a long time past, and we cannot but think that Mr. Norway has been fortunate if he has really found some of the ancient superstitions as vital as they would seem to be from his report. To take one example only: there are few prettier stories than that of the submersion beneath a sudden rising of the sea of the Land of Lyonesse that used to be betwixt the Scillies and the mainland. So far as one can judge there are records which excuse the belief that something of the sort did happen, and there is real tangible evidence such as might prove convincing to the popular imagination. Everyone knows the story (in Hawker) of the farmer who threw a stone at some fairies one moonlit night and broke the leg of one of them. He wanted to have it as a household pet, but he was tired and left it there until the morning. When he came to fetch it the other fairies had rescued it: "but there, sure enough, was the very stone I threw," and so the reality of the fairies was proved. It is beyond denial that timber, and fragments of hazel with the nuts upon them, have been dug up out of the sands that lie along the shores of Mount's Bay. But Mr. Norway has been unconsciously lucky if he has found anyone in Marazion who is even aware of the fact, and if one of the fishermen from any of the villages believed that he had heard the ringing of the bells of sunken churches, or had seen on clear days the ruins of the ancient cities, it is very certain he would keep his impressions to himself. If we may judge from a limited personal experience it is only in moments of tremendous stress and strain that the Cornish folk of to-day show themselves to be the true children of their ancestors, believing, almost against themselves, all that was most contrary to nature in the creed of those who were before them in the land. Mr. Norway must have had luck.

A word as to Mr. Joseph Pennell's admirable illustrations. For the most part they will be accepted as gladly by the man who does not remember the time when he did not seem to have known the places they depict for ever as by him who looks on them merely as so many pictures. To recall St. Ives is to take a standpoint other than that which happened to appeal to the artist. Still one recognises that he has

made an excellent likeness of that lovely spot, as well as a fine drawing. This also is true of "Perran Porth," "Fowey," "Newlyn," and "Market Jew Street, Penzance." But there are times when Mr. Pennell's sense of the picturesque rather carries him away. His "Street in Truro" represents that narrow lane as it might be if it were a street in fairyland, and he also must have been lucky if he ever saw St. Michael's Mount as it appears in the drawings on pages 290 and 291. Still, he has ventured on dangerous ground—for they are jealous folk in the West—and achieved success. Mr. Norway has made a book that is pleasant to read, and the illustrations are—Mr. Pennell's.

SECOND COUSIN TO THE WORM.

The Houses of Sin. By Vincent O'Sullivan. (Smithers.)

THE cover is of pure smooth white, but the gilt design, with its columns and garlands, and the winged and snouted thing which snuffles on the cover, betrays the hand, or at least the inspiration, of Mr. Beardsley. By this combination, no less than by the title, the contents are declared. It was, Mr. Street's "Tubby" who hawked among reluctant publishers the "Ballad of Shameful Kisses." But it might just as well have been Mr. O'Sullivan. He sings of "rags and motley of outworn desire," and of "tepid kisses odorous of the tomb." Of "Malaria," too, he sings:

"Thou sweet grave harbinger of Death,"

and of "the slimy poisoned fingers," and of death itself:

"The violet breath
And glamour of approaching Death."

In the physical details of mortality, the coffin and the worm, he takes an especial interest; is, indeed, the laureate of putrefaction and the panegyrist of decay. Thus he dirges it:

"Earth's iron jaws are bound with scarring
snow,
Like to a man late dead whose mouth drops
low
(Hush my Friend! The tempest broods behind).

Long hours I watch a little scented glove,
And dream of noons I played and glanced
with love
(Voices of dead children in the wind).

Sudden I found my plying was in vain:
I scratched between her breasts a crimson
stain
(A scarlet light breaks on the purple sky).

She wronged me and she crushed me to
despair,
That woman with the lustful raven hair!
(A cold face snow-bleached by a veil doth cry.)

I seized a poisoned knife and struck her
dead:
To-night three coffins shall enclose her head.
(Wolves in the winter have a hungry growl.)

To-night the glory of her magic kiss
Shall stir the damp worms as they pry and
hiss.
(Wet leaves of cypress in the henbane bowl.)

And my soul and the soul I loved so well
Shall mingle in the torment of God's hell.
(Moan, wind! above the pit where lost souls
howl.)

What a fancy, ye gods, what a fancy!
"Wet leaves of cypress in the henbane
bowl," indeed! Among these pleasant
morbidities are scattered, according to a
well-known receipt, certain poems which
must give pain to the devout. The
following imitation of a perfectly reverent
form of art gathers irreverence from its
surroundings:

"When Christ our Lord up Calvary Hill,
Went stumbling on that dark Friday,
A crowd with horrid taunts and shrill
Did follow all the grievous way.
Poor Simon followed with the rood,
And vain high-priests from west and scuth,
And Pagan slaves, and traitor Jude,
And Saul of the glibing mouth."

We have no wish to bring art into bondage, and we are perfectly aware that genius can illumine—has illumined—the charnel-house and the street-walker. But genius has nothing to say to Mr. O'Sullivan, and we desire that our minor poets should realise that, if they cannot be great, they are at least to be wholesome. The sooner Mr. O'Sullivan learns the lesson the better, for we fancy that he has the gifts to do something worth doing. Probably he writes in some provincial town, and has not yet heard that the fashions have happily changed, and that "tepid kisses" and "lustful raven hair" are no longer tolerable in poetry.

RED BEAUTY.

The Story of a Red Deer. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. (Macmillan & Co.)

WE had hitherto known Mr. Fortescue only as an expert in naval history, and the author of an excellent monograph on Dundonald. Now he has given us a book for boys—for quite small boys—one of those imaginative natural-history books, where the denizens of hill and wood play rational parts as befits their importance. This kind of work is always welcome, above all when it is written with the intimate knowledge of a keen sportsman and naturalist, and the honest zeal of a lover of the great out-of-doors. The aim is the best; for, says the quaintly worded preface, the reader will gain "not only that which the great Mr. Milton (in his tract on 'Education') hath called the helpful experience of hunters, fowlers, and fishermen, but such a love of God's creatures as will make the world the fuller of joys for him, because the fuller of friends."

It is all about Devon and the moors and the trout-streams. The Red Deer is an excellent fellow, and from his birth in the ferny hollow to his death in the great pool below the fall we follow his surprising adventure with delight. Any right-thinking child will find a new world created for him—a very fresh, breezy world, where the frank fellowship of bird and beast awaits him. But unless he be an exceedingly quick-witted child, he will be seriously puzzled—

as, indeed, was the present writer—by the human story which is introduced. Who were the Fair Man and the Girl, and what have they to do with the tale? But the several runs are excellent; not only good writing, but very good narrative besides. And the last great chase really goes breathlessly, and may send the sensible child in tears to bed. This is how it all ends:

"Then men came and pulled the great, still body out of the water; and they took his head and hung it up in memory of so great a run and so gallant a stag. But their triumph was only over the empty shell of him, for his spirit had gone to the still brown pool. And, indeed, the stream has received many another wild deer besides him, which, I suspect, is the reason why ferns, that love the water, take the shape of stag's horns and of hart's tongues. So there he remains; for he had fought his fight and run his course; and he asks for nothing better than to hear the river sing to him all the day long."

The book, of course, suggests Kingsley's *Water-Babies*, but there is no imitation. It is only that Kingsley and Mr. Fortescue, being both Devonians, and both filled with the same honest love of moors and hills, let the same spirit show itself in their work. "The Trout" is very much in the Kingsley mood; and so, too, the catches of song:

"Through heather and woodland, through
meadow and lea,
We flow from the forest away to the sea.
In cloud and in vapour, in mist and in rain,
We fly from the sea to the forest again.
Oh! dear is the alder and dearer the fern,
And welcome are kingfisher, ousel and herne,
The swan from the tide-way, the duck from
the mere,
But welcome of all is the wild Red Deer."

But most we see the likeness in the little scraps of good advice—very wise and true. Take this:

"And, for my part, I think that the calf was right; and if (as I hope may never be), after you are grown up, disappointment should lie in wait for you at every turn, and fate and your own fault should hunt you to despair, then run on bravely, and when you can run no more, face them and dare them to do their worst; but never, never, never lie down and squeal."

This has the right ring, and even so should a boy's book be written.

Mr. Fortescue makes no attempt at fine writing, for which we thank him. The book is a success through his loving minuteness of knowledge and his real vigour in story-telling. But he has felt so keenly the rich flavour of weather and scene, that there is a vividness about the descriptions which somehow or other reproduces the atmosphere of the place with fine effect. Above all, there is something clear, fresh and clean in his use of words, an absence of all tawdriness and pretence, which is very attractive.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.

Falklands. By the Author of *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.* (Longmans.)

THESE biographies, which of late years have been put forward by the "Prig" with no sparing hand, are scrappy and superficial

enough, but they are none the less entertaining. The "Prig" reads widely, and if he cannot boast real learning, has at least the gift of picking out from what he reads the plums of picturesqueness and humour. He does not add greatly to the world's knowledge of his subjects, but he calls attention to and inspires interest in them. We gather from a preface that he is whole-somely aware of his own deficiencies. "My books," he says, "are reviews, and reviewing has become so engrained a habit as to be incurable." The criticism is a true one, but, then, if a review is not a book surely a criticism is not an apology. In the Falklands the "Prig" has, perhaps, a less satisfactory topic than in either of his two earlier heroes, Everard and Kenelm Digby. For the second Lord Falkland, Lucius Cary, who naturally fills the larger part of the book, is already a sufficiently familiar figure, and the sketch of his career here given goes over well-worn ground. The idealist of politics and the philosopher of the court, Falkland, through his real merits and his untimely end, has succeeded in impressing the imagination of posterity. He was a man, says Clarendon, to whose Orestes he persistently played Pylades, "of inimitable sweetness and delight." In the mouth of Matthew Arnold this readily becomes "sweetness and light," and, indeed, Falkland's broad and tolerant views, whether on politics or on religion, have a luminosity rare in the thinkers of his day. He was a scholar, a versifier, and the friend of poets. One of Jonson's finest odes immortalises a friendship of Falkland's, and Falkland, in his turn, wrote elegies on Jonson and on Donne. At Great Tew, where that pretty prude Letice Lady Falkland kept house, Sandys, Carew, Suckling, Waller, Montague, together with Mr. Hobbes, of Malmesbury, were honoured guests. There is much about Letice Lady Falkland in the book before us, and much, too, about the Falklands of the previous generation, Henry Cary and Elizabeth his wife. Hers, indeed, was an interesting and a stormy career. She was an heiress and a woman of learning. As a girl she bought candles surreptitiously, and read in bed at night. As a married woman she preferred study to society. "Dressing was all her life a torture to her," and though you find her in her picture with ruff and head-dress of unusual elaboration, yet her women had to walk about the room after her "while she was seriously thinking on some other business, and pin on her things and braid her hair." About 1626, Lady Falkland took it into her head to become a Catholic, and was received into the church by a Benedictine priest in a stable. Here began her troubles. Her husband and the King were furious. Her supplies were cut off, and she was reduced to dining on pieces of pie-crust, or bread-and-butter, carried in the handkerchief of a faithful maid from the tables of her friends. Almost to her death she lived destitute in a little old house ten miles from town, with a flock bed on the bare ground, an old hamper for a table, and a wooden stool. Here she translated the Lives of the Saints and the works of Cardinal Perron. It is a curious story.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The Odyssey of Homer. Translated by J. G. Cordery, C.S.I. (Methuen & Co.)

"OF Homer there can be no final translation." So wrote Mr. Lang in the preface to the translation of the *Odyssey* which he made in conjunction with Mr. Butcher; and Mr. Lang is certainly right, for each literary generation looks at Homer from a different point of view. The age of Elizabeth demanded that Homer should come dressed in the mannerisms of Chapman; the age of Anne could not accept an epic devoid of the conventions of Pope, with Scott came the worship of the ballad; and with that the belief that Homer must be a ballad-monger or nothing; and hence the tentative efforts of Mr. Gladstone and others. The translator who will make a verse rendering of Homer such as shall convince the average reader ignorant of Greek that the *Odyssey* is really worth reading, has two courses open to him: he must either turn Homer into a nineteenth century poet, as Pope turned him into an eighteenth century one—this is what Fitzgerald did with Omar Khayyam—but to do this he must be an epic poet himself; or he must fall back upon prose, using a style which shall suggest to an Englishman the archaism which the Homeric poems suggested to an Athenian of the Periclean age. This is what Messrs. Butcher and Lang did with conspicuous success. Mr. Cordery has taken neither of these courses, and so, not being an epic poet, but only a careful and conscientious scholar, he has shown us with immense labour just how the *Odyssey* ought not to be translated. Felicitous phrases are frequent, and a reference to well-known difficulties will prove that the translator has not shirked them. But the main impression left by his painstaking alexandrines—which drop occasionally into rhyme, as in the Song of Demodocus—is that they must have taken him a terribly long time to hammer out.

Manners for Women. By Mrs. Humphry. (James Bowden.)

It has been said—rudely—that women have no manners; but now that Mrs. Humphry has spoken, they will have no excuse for the lack. For here you may, if you be a woman, read your title clear to mansions in Mayfair. You need no longer wonder how long you should wear mourning for an uncle, how to write a letter, how many cards to leave (which must "be exactly 3½ by 2½ inches"), how to marry your daughters, and how to behave in the street, at a restaurant, and at a club. At a club you must not monopolise the looking-glass, remembering that all the other lady members require it. Also, you may learn how to laugh, avoiding "the exhibition of whole meadows of pale pink gum." Laugh like a lady "in London artistic society," who uses "two soft contralto notes." In an interesting chapter on the giving of presents, you are recommended to give a young man a box of ties in favourite colours. This is the only flagrant error we have been able to find in a book

which is far less absurd than most books of etiquette. But the delicacies of polite life are always rather ridiculous when reduced to written expression.

Everyday Life in Turkey. By Mrs. W. M. Ramsay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a nice, chatty book; and to call a book nice and chatty is a courteous way of saying that its writer did not worry about style or grammar. "Will knew it was me," writes Mrs. Ramsay, in her chatty way; and she describes a certain hill as "a volcano which was active until a very recent time (geographically speaking)." Nevertheless, once convinced that it is a "chatty" book, one can get a good deal of amusement and a certain amount of instruction out of it, since it contains the chat of the observant wife of a distinguished Aberdeen professor. For we have had a considerable amount of fiction about Armenia of late; and this is the running record of rides through Asia Minor in search of antiquities. Riding through Asia Minor has its diversions:

"If the village is built on a hillside, which is frequently the case, you can often step from the door of one house on to the roof of the next, and in this way one may walk over almost the whole village. I once rode over the roof of a house, and nearly came to grief at the chimney-hole, before I observed that we had arrived at a village at the foot of a hill, down which we had been riding in the dusk. We have on occasion pitched our tent on the roof of a house for want of a more convenient situation."

Mrs. Ramsay has many curious adventures to relate—notably a day in a harem, with a performance of dancing-girls. Encounters, too, with dogs fell to her lot, as well as with innumerable fleas—insects which she modestly calls "B flats"—and an "animal too far beyond the pale of civilisation for its name to be mentioned here, even accompanied by an apology." It is interesting to note that, so far as Mrs. Ramsay's observations go, the Turk is very kind to his wives, and that Moslems and Christians live in amity together, being almost indistinguishable one from the other.

The Print Gallery. Vol. I. (H. Grevel & Co.)

This is a half-made book. We have no means of determining the intention of the editor or publisher. There is no introduction. There is no proper index. The pages are not numbered. What we have is a series of some hundred reproductions of prints by the Italian, German, Flemish, French, and English masters of engraving, preceded by several pages of biographical notes which enjoy the two headings of "Index" and "Contents of the First Volume," neither being strictly correct. Nor do we see any reason why the publisher's name should be reprinted below every print. What the book wanted was editing. Wood engravings and etchings are, as a rule, reproduced well; but copper engravings with less success. In many cases a toned paper would have yielded more pleasing results than the hard white paper employed.

Cambridge, Described and Illustrated. By T. D. Atkinson, with an Introduction by J. W. Clark. (Macmillan.)

HISTORIES of Oxford and of Cambridge are always somewhat mournful reading to lovers of architecture. The hand of the vandal and the incompetent has worked terrible havoc with both the Universities in the past. As one turns over Mr. Atkinson's pages and realises how much of the story he has to tell deals with destruction, demolition, and "restoration" one wonders that so many buildings yet remain for our admiration. It is hard to say which University has suffered most from the destroying hand of its children. The front quadrangle of New College, Oxford, was entirely ruined by injudicious alterations in the seventeenth century. All Souls', in the eighteenth, wanted to pull down and rebuild the old part of its buildings, and was only restrained by the indignant remonstrance of its own architect, Nicholas Hawksmoor. Merton actually proposed at one time to pull down the greater part of the historic "Mob" quadrangle in order to put something bigger in its place, and of course the notorious Wyatt mauled, mangled, and destroyed everything he could lay his hands on. Cambridge has not fared much better. The fifteenth century chapel of Queens' was first subjected to the iconoclastic frenzy of Dowsing, and, finally, in the eighteenth century, was "entirely taken to pieces and new modelled," in other words ruined. The older buildings of Trinity fell a victim to the destroying ardour of Nevile, who had his own ideas as to what a college should be like, and showed small reverence for other men's work. Pembroke suffered severely in the last thirty years from the zeal of rebuilders. Last, and perhaps worst of all, the old buildings of King's College, in the first half of this nineteenth century of ours, were actually in part pulled down, in order that Mr. Cockerell's new building might occupy their site; but this was too much for the long suffering of even our fathers, and ultimately the destroyed buildings were re-erected by Sir Gilbert Scott. Mr. Atkinson's book gives a very full account of the architectural features both of the churches and colleges of Cambridge, and the various modifications which these from time to time have undergone. He also gives in a short compass much interesting information as to the early history of the town and the amusements and discipline of the old-fashioned undergraduate. His book will be welcomed by all those who desire to get, in the compass of a single volume, a comprehensive view of both town and University. The illustrations throughout the volume are well drawn and excellently reproduced, and the complete list of portraits in the possession of the University and the colleges should be a useful feature.

The Truth about Agricultural Depression. By Francis Allston Channing, M.P. (Longmans & Co.)

A CAREFUL, closely reasoned, and very earnest attempt to solve the agricultural problem. Mr. Channing sat upon the Agricultural Commission, and this book is of the

nature of a Minority Report. The Majority Report, says Mr. Channing, "strikes no definite note, and points to no positive policy." Mr. Channing certainly has a note: it is the blithe one of hope. His policy is less easy to state briefly; but Mr. Channing's contention—supported by ranks of arguments—is that rents—founded, as they are, on competition and not upon a clear-sighted and equitable estimate of the actual value of the land to the man who digs it—are too high all over the country. Of twenty-five final conclusions to which Mr. Channing asks the reader's assent, the eighth is perhaps the most salient. It is this: "The most effective help Parliament can render to tenant farmers is by the extension of agricultural arbitration to rent, and by giving real security to tenants and for capital invested in the soil, and to their tenure of their holdings." A painstaking work, which economists cannot afford to neglect.

Boxing. By R. G. Allanson-Winn. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

THIS is a statement of the first principles of boxing for the advanced student of the art, the author having addressed himself to beginners in a former treatise. The usual pleas—cogent enough—in favour of boxing are advanced by Mr. Allanson-Winn in his introduction. We then have chapters on various branches and details of the "science," illustrated by photographs of the positions resulting from the movements of the combatants. Accounts of famous prize-fights are also quoted. We suppose that the vocabulary of the "ring" is incorrigible but it is a legitimate matter for remark that an art which is persistently called "noble" by its votaries should create a language which vies in hideousness with the face of a prize-fighter when it has been severely mauled. We read how Tom Sayers "came up with a suspicious mark on his potato-trap"; and how "Nat retreated, and as Tom followed him Nat jobbed him on the nozzle, again disturbing the cochineal." The volume is the fifth in the Isthmian Library.

The Queen's Hounds and Stag Hunting Recollections. By Lord Ribblesdale. (Longmans.)

ANY account of an institution so ancient having pretensions to completeness and symmetry must necessarily contribute almost as much to History as to the literature of sport. Lord Ribblesdale's excellent book can boast that completeness; and, though not a little of it is devoted to accounts of remarkable runs, to the peculiarities of deer, and to kennel and stable affairs, it has claims upon the attention of others than sporting men. Few, we imagine, are aware that the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds was for centuries an hereditary office. One of the earliest records of the existence of any regular establishment for the hounds is the grant of certain lands in Little Weldon, near Rockingham, in 1216 to one Hamon le Venour; and to this grant, described as "Hunter's Manor," was attached "in Grand Serjeanty" for generations the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds. It

seems probable, moreover, that these lands were appropriated to the same purpose at an earlier date, as Mr. Burrows in his introductory chapter names Osborne Lovel, chamberlain to Henry II., as the first holder of Hunter's Manor and Master of the Buckhounds. For nearly three centuries, from 1363, the office was held by a family of Gascon knights named de Brocas; and Mr. Burrows is no doubt correct in attributing bestowal of the office to this family's "knowledge of breeding and training horses on the turbulent marches of Gascony" and to services rendered in England's wars with France: an interesting and suggestive link between war and sport. Lord Ribblesdale takes up the tale in the time of the Georges, and many are the glimpses of character we obtain through the medium of the Buckhounds; in days when Court influence was paramount in State affairs and the monarch had a taste for sport, place-hunters might spend a day much less profitably than with the Royal pack. Whether in search of place or pleasure we are not told, but in 1735 such great crowds came out that arrangements were made whereby people could only hunt by ticket signed by the Ranger of Windsor or his deputy. The book is well and brightly written; and those of the fox-hunting fraternity who read it will discover that there is more science in hunting the carted deer than they had supposed. The illustrations, which are numerous, have been well chosen and well reproduced. Regarded only as a work on sport it is far above the average, both in interest and literary merit.

The Tears of the Heliades. By W. Arnold Buffum. Third Edition. (Sampson Low.)

THE yellow is the familiar amber; it has made millions of mouth-pieces for smokers, and it has supplied to poets a word to conjure with. Milton has "amber light," and so has Tennyson. Herrick knew the melody of it (especially when he wanted a rhyme for "chamber"), and he made, at a pinch, his maidens play on "lutes of amber," whatever they may be. Milton's "Sabrina fair" had "amber-dropping hair," which is more alluring than even hers that was "yellow like ripe corn"; and Mr. Myers makes Damaris, St. Paul's convert, clamber to her temple at dawn when the sunrise made her idol "eminent in amber." Mr. Arnold Buffum is "eminent in amber" in another fashion; and his book is unique as a history of the substance of which the very name is poetry. Larger books on the subject have been made in Germany, but none here, where, however, the issue of a third edition shows that amber has many admirers and, perhaps, a fair sprinkling of collectors. The Queen herself has some noteworthy specimens, which were once shown at South Kensington. The visitor to the Museum will not now find any amber to equal that described by Mr. Arnold Buffum, and possessed by him, particularly in the fine blue and red varieties, found, not on the Baltic, but in Sicily. The delightful enthusiasm of the genuine collector pervades Mr. Arnold Buffum's pages, which are pleasantly and learnedly written from first to last.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

LORD DULLBOROUGH.

By THE HON. STUART ERSKINE.

A CRUDE story and "smart," with satirical intent. The hero writes a play while he is still an Eton schoolboy, starts a paper, extols Charles II., denounces the House of Lords, founds a rational religion, and makes love to another man's wife. He then discovers that nowadays "in order to be original it is necessary to be commonplace," and dies from reading *The Last Straw: a Sequel to 'The Philistine,'* by H—ll C—ne. On his coffin are engraved his name, the date, and the sentence, "He took the cake." (J. W. Arrowsmith. 221 pp. 3s. 6d.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

A SERIES of stories of quiet dwellers in a remote English village. The historian purports to be a maiden lady, who went to Sandilands (the village) for one night only, and stayed ten years. A lovable old vicar is the central figure. A gentle, fragrant book. (Hodder & Stoughton. 359 pp. 6s.)

MARIE OF LICHTENSTEIN.

TRANS. BY R. J. CRAIG.

A TRANSLATION of Hauff's *Lichtenstein*. The preface commends the work particularly to admirers of Sir Walter Scott. (Digby & Long. 335 pp. 6s.)

REVELATION.

By ERIC WYNNDHAM.

THE author calls his story "purely hypothetical." It is about a man who met a prophet named Salvator. The prophet gave him a draught of paroidin, which begins by being opaline, is then crimson, then purple, and then clear crystal, and when taken separates the soul from the body and carries it back into time. Not a tippie to be lightly swallowed. In the present case the hero was transplanted to the Rome of Nero, where events occurred somewhat similar to those in the "Sign of the Cross." Subsequently he came to himself again and married the prophet's daughter. (Digby & Long. 267 pp. 6s.)

REVIEWS.

The Kentuckians. By John Fox, jun.
(Harper & Brothers.)

To men and women, city-born and city-bred, such a novel as *The Kentuckians* makes irresistible appeal. Streets, houses, shifting crowds, and the dazzle of shop windows were the poor material that filled their childhood. A book like this opens the shutters to the sunlight of a world they have missed. To look is to be glad—not envious. It is to see the spacious growing life of a young and gallant people, to hear their birds, to touch their flowers and grasses, to feel their skies overhead, and to smell the scent of their good rich earth. They speak our speech. They are our friends. We understand them—these kinsmen we have never seen.

"To belong to a land!" What good luck! What an aid to writing! What a consolation for old age. Poor souls who belong only to a city. Hard is your fate. "To belong to a land!" It was the text of Bourget's latest speech. It was Daudet's inspiration, as of a dozen others—Stevenson in exile cried:

"Be it granted me to behold you again in dying
Hills of home."

It makes the charm of those American writers who remember things seen through "eyes of youth." California, Louisiana, Virginia, Kentucky, are magic words. Granted the tales are well-

written, we never tire of their grey state houses, their mansions, their swarthy pioneers, their capable men, their fearless, elusive, tantalising women. Wind blows through their pages, trees rustle, strange crops and flowers with haunting names are there. It is so new, so spacious, so gay. We peer into the wilderness "undulating away for hundreds of miles like a vast green robe with scarce a rift of human making." We stand face to face with Indian fighters, "swarthy, lean, tall, with long thigh-boots of thin deer-hide, open at the hips, ornamented with a scarlet fringe, and rattling with the hoofs of fawns, and the spurs of the wild turkey." Not for us the great American cities. We are tired of cities where everything is spread out thin like butter upon a piece of bread. Rather, for choice, the Kentucky mountaineers, who speak of the capital as "settlements," who still wear fringed hunting-shirts, moccasins, and coon-skin caps, who live like pioneers, "singing folk-songs centuries old, talking the speech of Chaucer, loving, hating, fighting, and dying like the clans of Scotland." Also they are generous with their potatoes at dinner. "Take out, stranger," says your host. "Have a tater; take two of 'em; take damn nigh all of 'em."

Mr. John Fox, jun., "belongs to a land." He is a Kentuckian, his father is a Kentuckian, he dedicates this fine book "to my father and my father's Kentuckians." He gives you atmosphere, colour, living souls. You tread the blue grass, you climb the mountains, you follow Marshall to his mother's house when the blow falls—rat to its hole, lion to its lair, man to his home when the blow falls.

"Up in the sun, the hillside was covered with sheep. A ewe with one white lamb was lapping water at the grassy edge of the creek. Just to one side of the path lay another—its twin, no doubt—dead and mutilated, and across the creek hung its murderer, a robber crow, dangling by his wings from a low limb, with his penitent beak between his feet. . . . He was not the only thing on earth that had to suffer. . . . He must take his share. There were other motives to action in life than love, than duty to his mother—the duty to those of whom he had no thought much, and of whom suffering was teaching him to think now: others than himself, his duty to the world around, above and below. He might have drawn tears from an audience on that theme once with his tongue and brain: it was sinking to his heart now."

The story? Well it is the story of two men who love a woman to their hurt, and to their making, and she to her hurt and to her making. It is modern and hoary at the same time. You might meet Anne in Bond Street, you might encounter Marshall any afternoon in Piccadilly if they cared to travel so far from their little Kentucky capital. But you must seek Boone Stallard in the Kentuckian mountains—

"Its woods are primeval, its riches are unripped, and its people are the people of another age—for the range has held her own. These men of the mountains and the people of the blue-grass are the extremes of civilization in the State. A few years ago there was but one point where they ever came in contact, one point where their interests could clash. That was the capital, the lazy little capital."

In that little, lazy, friendly capital the things with which this story deals happen. There Anne, Marshall, and Stallard sorrow and suffer and fight, till in the end comes to each the victory they desired. Mr. John Fox, jun., has done his work well—extremely well. His characterisation is good: he has a clean, swift style, not without charm, and it is his privilege—inestimable privilege!—to love a land, and to be able to convince others of his sincerity.

The Silver Fox. By Martin Ross and E. C. Somerville.
(Lawrence & Bullen.)

This is another good novel, well written and eminently readable. It has atmosphere, and these authors, too, "belong to a land"—Ireland. They treat the old themes—love, friendship and death—

but they have a light hand, and a merry flyaway style most suitable to a story whose main interest is hunting. Being Irish they cannot get quite away from "the Celtic glamour," or the "Irish Wonder-world," or whatever it is called, and so we have the silver fox, an evil beast, omen of disaster, darting through the pages. We like the girl Slaney. Her eyes were clear and half shy, like a boy's, and she had a fastidious, spiritual mouth, which the wrong man kissed once, to find it a trembling and human one. She also had a delicate, clever hand. We are glad Bunbury won it in the end.

The authors sail gaily between shoals and over rocks; when tragedy is inevitable they treat it with reticence, and in the end the attractive scoundrel is caught in his own snare. A bright, breezy, buoyant book. We could have wished it longer.

* * * * *

Deborah of Tod's. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

It was the perpetual regret of General Sir Arthur D'Alton that Deborah had no sense of humour. When he first kissed her in the kitchen at "Tod's" he meant nothing but a flirtation: she translated it as a proposal of marriage. When he married her, having found her to be the possessor of quite unexpected riches, and revealed himself gradually to her for the dissipated old *roué* that he was, she was seriously dispirited by his gallantries, and never once had the humorous idea of retaliating in kind. When, again, Sir Arthur died, she regarded her freedom so seriously that, casting off the dust of her shoes against Portman-square, she at once took a third-class ticket home to the old farm.

"I am going home," said Deborah. "I was just a country maiden like any other when Sir Arthur found me, brought up by a God-fearing woman, and innocent as a maid shude be, and happy enough, wi' a guine bit o' money put by. I am going home now, and the most o' my money be gone, and not through payin' for any foolishness of mine, and I ha' lost beside all the heart I ever tuke in life, and 'tis no thanks to any on yer, but tu God A'mighty, that I ha' not lost my soul as well."

That is not a typical utterance; for Deborah was a silent woman—another grievance with Sir Arthur—and a forbearing one—a quality of which he never suspected her. She is, in person and character, an agglomeration of the virtues which, somehow, one associates with the name "Diana" rather than "Deborah"—large and statuesque, grave and, perhaps, a trifle heavy. It is characteristic of her that she married Sir Arthur, who was old enough to be her grandfather, out of sheer gratitude for an action by which he had once befriended her father. The main theme of the story is, of course, well worn, but Mrs. de la Pasture has handled it with dignity and tenderness—in places, exquisitely. If she has made her "society" a little more shallow and heartless than usual in order to throw the sterling virtues of her heroine into relief, she makes amends by such passages as that last one between the giddy Lilian and her patient husband:

"Lilian had gone back to her favourite sofa. The little gleam of red sunset touched her small face as it rested on the cushions, and it looked strangely old and tired.

The dusk gradually deepened until the face lost form or meaning, and became a white patch in the darkness.

'Joe,' said a far-off voice that seemed hardly to belong to Lilian, so utterly had the affected cadence died away in it, 'you have been very good to me.'

'Bosh,' said Joe. He made a lumbering step towards the sofa.

'I've not been good to you,' said the voice.

Lilian rose in the dusk and came closer to him. He made no answer, but he drew the little frail creature into his arms and leant her against his breast.

'I've known—all the time,' she whispered, 'that you were worth all the rest put together—but—'

'I know,' he said gently. 'I bored you.'

'That's the funny part of it,' said Lilian, whose laughter was always perilously near her tears, 'but you wouldn't have bored me if—if we'd been on a desert island together—at least, I think not. It's—it's the other people who turn my head.'

'I know,' said Joe dully.

'Joe,' she said breathlessly, 'you know as well as I do that there are things—which stand between us. If—if I found courage to tell you—here—in the dark—I might be happier in this world, and the next. I must tell you—'

'Must you?' he said gently. 'I think I would rather you didn't, Lily.'

There was a long silence in the darkened room before Joe broke it once more.

'You see,' he said pleadingly, 'it would be an awful blow to me if you went and made out you weren't perfect. I've always thought you so, always. And—I couldn't help making a lot of allowance, you know, for you, being so pretty and clever, it naturally made people think a lot more of you than they ever would of me. And I know you'd never forget—the little chap—meeting him some day, and all that. I wanted you to have your fling. And if you've had it—his voice broke a little—and you really care about such a stupid fellow as me, why, I wouldn't change with anyone, that's all.'

The book contains one or two considerable improbabilities, but it is an excellent book nevertheless.

* * * * *

Among Thorns. By Noel Ainslie.
(Laurence & Bullen.)

NOEL AINSLIE is a clever woman, who looks at life straight, without prudishness or hysteria. She describes with very little exaggeration or heightening of colour what one may call virtuous Bohemia, where people dispense with the conventions, but work hard and live on the whole straight. This life, with its freedom and privations, she contrasts on the one hand with the easy existence of attractive people who do not live straight, on the other, with a society which can afford to give its women diamonds; and she shows, in a rather interesting way, the fascination and repugnance which both extremes inspire in her Bohemian heroine. Comfort attracts; more particularly it attracts a woman; and also a woman likes somebody to make love to her. Lebia Meynell decides against the love-making—not without hesitation; she accepts marriage for the sake of comforts, but finds it a bore because of social functions. She is a Bohemian, but a Bohemian of the new type, who cannot take her pleasure after the manner of old-fashioned society, nor of old-fashioned Bohemia. Her friend Peggy Walton is thoroughbred Bohemian, and elects for comfort and love-making without the drawbacks. Altogether, there is a good deal of acute feminine psychology in the book, it has a plot decidedly above the average, and the men and women have all a tolerably distinct existence. But it is chiefly interesting as a thoughtful study of certain types produced by conditions which have only operated of late years. The bachelor young lady has not existed long, but she is abundant, and Noel Ainslie points out that her path, if it is to be virtuous, lies decidedly "Among Thorns."

* * * * *

The Time Spell of Château d'Arpon. By M. Carta Sturge.
(Arrowsmith.)

IN *The Time Spell of Château d'Arpon* there is carried out, upon the whole with skill, a conception that is remarkable and original. It is a weird story, the incidents in which, had they occurred or been believed to have occurred in actual life, would have been fitting subjects for the inquiries of the Society for Psychical Research. It is almost a ghost story; the scene laid near the Italian or Provençal coast, and the château and the garden—an old neglected garden—are described as by one who is really familiar with them. The story is not only conceived boldly, but written well—a little diffuse, perhaps, in its earlier pages, and occasionally disfigured by an absence of complete harmony in the style—a word or phrase wholly conventional or *banale*, bringing one down from the almost poetic, at all events the romantic, plane, to the level of commonplace talk; and that not done with any artistic intention of vivid contrast, deliberate effect, but as by slips of the pen. This, however, is a matter which, as things now go, only writers (and of writers, indeed, not very many) will have the faculty to perceive. Not only an occasional slovenliness or amateurishness, like Miss Carta Sturge's, but an absolutely unbroken one, is powerless to prevent a public that knows not Style from appreciating a good "story"; and we only mention her lapses to Miss Sturge because she would wish at all points, we are sure, to preserve the virtues of a writer. The illustrations—by Major Ricketts, we believe—are decorative as well as explanatory. They are very well drawn and composed; and the only thing that to some extent lessens their suitability to the present little volume—a "pott quarto," is it not?—is that they are elegant, precise, and matter of fact, and so do not add anything to the suggestion of the weird and the uncanny. But they are very good.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

No. 1338, New Series.

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THE ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

"LITERATURE is over for the year!" said a leading London publisher on Tuesday; and he said it as if he were glad of the fact. He spoke as a publisher. The bookseller (writes a representative) has not time to speak to you at all, unless you go to his shop early in the morning and cling to his coat-tails. Booksellers who met you at the door three months ago are now seen at the far end of their shops, bobbing like corks on a sea of customers. The bookseller believes in Christmas. People who "never buy books" buy them now. They come in and ask for "a nice book." And they get several.

BUYING books is the happiest kind of shopping. The book-buyer purchases more than merchandise—he purchases self-respect. It is perhaps the only way in which self-respect can be purchased. Observe the man who enters a jeweller's shop on one of these Christmas evenings. He enters falteringly, or with an unreal bravado. Ten minutes later he emerges with no parcel in his hand—only an unseen, unfelt trinket in one of his inner pockets. Do you wonder that he is pale? But the jolly book-buyer staggers across the pavement into a cab, where he opens all his parcels and wraps them up again in shapeless bundles before he gets home.

You may observe a light in every bookseller's shop long after closing time. That means that parcels are being made up, and that huge lists of orders on publishers are being prepared for the "collectors" in the morning. If, from the top of a 'bus, and in a lucky light, you catch sight of a bookseller, pen in hand, you will see that he is smiling. Wishing a bookseller a merry Christmas is like taking coals to Newcastle.

LITERARY projects are in the air. Indeed, when were they not? The *Chronicle* crowds into one small glorious paragraph the following announcements of new papers for 1898, which we have tabulated:

"A shilling monthly.
A sixpenny monthly.
A sixpenny weekly.
A threepenny weekly.
Another threepenny weekly."

"O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!"

We understand that the weekly journal which is to rise from the ashes of the *New Review* will be published by Messrs. Harmsworth. Is this the paper which, according to the *Chronicle*, is to be conducted on the principle laid down in Danton's famous motto?

AN interesting experiment in collaboration is in progress. Mr. Grant Richards and Mr. G. W. Stevens have embarked upon a novel-writing enterprise together. Their story is to deal with a young Englishman of modern times, who by certain magic means is transported back through time to the Rome of Commodus. Some of the incidents have place in Egypt, where Mr. Stevens is now sojourning. Of old the lion lay down with the lamb; to-day the publisher writes romances with the author.

IN his remarks on the novel made at the dinner of the Sir Walter Scott Club on Monday, Mr. Balfour, after describing all the varieties of novels which readers are now called upon to buy, said that almost every subject had been exhausted, but there was one aspect of life which has been only sparingly treated: the development of character extending through the life of the individual. We presume that Mr. Balfour meant that the novelist usually introduces the reader to his hero too late in life, or leaves him too early; whereas the speaker would prefer the novelist to emulate the Chinese dramatist, who begins the book with the birth of the hero, and ends it with his death.

IN Mr. Balfour's own words: "Not one novel in a thousand attempts to take an individual and trace what in natural science would be called his life-history; and it is curious that what we get from a good biography should be absent from the novel at a time when the historical aspect of things, of individuals, of institutions, and the globe itself forms so large a portion of the subject-matter of science." This, no doubt, is a pointed remark; but it may lead to novels of inordinate length, containing more than a common supply of what Mr. Balfour called the dulness that never was on sea or land.

THE making of books for children reaches the height of absurdity in the illustrated reprint of Coleridge's *Raven*, which has been issued by Messrs. H. S. Nichols & Co. The poem, which consists of forty-four lines, is offered in a volume weighing 1 lb. 15½ oz.

—a result attained by large print, two prefaces, wide margins, heavy paper, blank leaves, and illustrations. The artist is Ella Hallward, whose drawings, though they have merit, are little enough suited to the nursery; and the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, who writes one of the prefaces, says that "as an humble kinsman of the wonderful man that wrote it [the poem], I enjoy at once a pleasure and a privilege in being permitted thus to associate myself with this beautiful volume."

It is a relief to turn to the genuine nursery entertainment provided by *The Cruikshank Fairy-Book* (Putnam's), which is just in time to take its chance in the busiest bookselling week of the year. This is a reprint of George Cruikshank's versions of "Puss in Boots," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Hop-o'-My Thumb," and "Cinderella," illustrated from his own plates. The plates have yielded very fair impressions upon the shining white paper employed.

At the end of the book are several interesting literary items. The first is Cruikshank's "Address to Little Boys and Girls." In this he tells, in the old-fashioned, fatherly way, how he came to love and draw the Fairies—

"In my childhood, and when a very little boy, I recollect that I used to be very much pleased and delighted with Fairy Tales; and it so happened that my nurse at that time was a young woman who used to tell a great many Fairy Tales; and many an evening have I sat by the fireside listening with wonder and delight to her stories about these wonderful little people, and I once asked her where the little Fairies lived. She told me that some of them had houses in the white places in the corners of the cellars, where these fungi were growing on the walls, and about which, in some places, were also large cobwebs; and whether they were spiders, or flies, or some other insects, or the force of my excited childish imagination, I know not, but I certainly did at the time fancy that I saw very, very tiny little people running in and out of these white houses; and I now believe that any talent or power that I may have in drawing a Fairy, or describing one, had its origin in the early impressions these little people made upon my mind at that early age."

IN addition to this address to children we have within the covers of this volume Cruikshank's address "To Parents and Guardians," in reply to the strictures passed by Charles Dickens, in *Good Words*, upon Cruikshank's alterations of the familiar text. Dickens was severe, too, on Cruikshank's introduction of his views on social and educational questions into these stories, and particularly his temperance doctrines. Cruikshank defends himself with doubtful success:

"He [Dickens] declares that whoever alters these Fairy Tales to suit his own opinions is guilty of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him. This is the opinion of Mr. Charles Dickens; but in my humble opinion, if Shakespeare thought proper to alter Italian tales, and even history, to suit his purpose, and if Sir Walter Scott used history also in the same way for his purpose, surely anyone may take the liberty of

altering a common Fairy Tale to suit his purpose, and convey his opinions; and most assuredly so, if that purpose be a good one."

BUT these addresses and arguments are beside the mark. No one will read them. For the purposes of children, Cruikshank's versions of the stories are good enough, and his pictures a continual delight. He had fun and quaintness and whimsicality, and he read the story before he illustrated it. Best of all, he was not a decorator.

OUR Paris correspondent writes under Monday's date:

"I come from Daudet's funeral. The crush was great, flowers and wreaths in excess, music mournful, and sentimental, as befits a last farewell to *Le Petit Chose*. Here is a passage from Zola on Daudet's illness: 'It was impossible to dissimulate any longer the gravity of his state. Then my poor friend knew every torture. He whose need of air, of space, and light was so great, who was such a lover of life, condemned to eternal immobility! His mind was nearly ruined by despair. He even thought of a violent end, of evasion through the gates of death. The admirable devotion of his wife alone saved him. I remember one spring day going to take him to Keller, at the hydropathic establishment. We crossed the Tuileries gardens, he leaning on my arm. The buds were showing green on the branches. He contemplated this awakening of nature's forces, and comparing it with his own irremediable misery, tears obscured his vision.'"

THE Paris Municipality met on the day of Alphonse Daudet's funeral and decided to name a street after him.

THE *Standard's* Berlin correspondent states that a booklet, entitled *Consolation in Suffering: Fruits of the Reading of a Mourner*, translated from the English by von L., will appear in a few days, in two fine editions, at Darmstadt. I hear, he adds, that the anonymous authoress is the Queen's youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrice. The work has a preface by a Hessian clergyman, "written near the place where the chivalrous Prince [Henry of Battenberg] spent the greater part of his youth." He writes that the "contents of the little book were collected and thought out in hours of the deepest sorrow, and touch upon all the questions that stir us when our dear ones die. What the sorrowing authoress experienced herself with consolation in suffering she now wishes to offer to others."

THE following extract from a letter purporting to come from the author of *The Beth Book* has been published this week: "We are all in fits of laughter here over that naughty letter to the *D. T.* I never wrote it at all. It was a practical joke."

A VERY intelligible complaint is uttered by a correspondent of the *Chronicle*. He writes: "On the strength of your review of Mr. Havelock Ellis's *Affirmations*, I purchased and read the book, and as far as the reading of it goes I quite endorse your judgment. But I should like to make a remark about the book considered as a purchase. I find that the area of margin

in each page is more than three times that of the printed portion; also that, compared with a hundred other *bond fide* octavo volumes, the paper is one-third thicker. As far, therefore, as these measurements may be taken as correct, the purchaser gets nearly four times the amount of blank paper for his money that he used to get. Is this to be the rule under the new six-shilling price? Is it not a rather questionable proceeding?"

THE Society of Authors, having finally shaken themselves free of the discount question, might meet to determine upon the right proportions of type and paper to be offered for six shillings.

IN the current number of *Scribner's* Mr. James Whitcomb Riley adds the following verses, inspired by an early portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, to the mass of Stevenson literature:

"A face of youth mature: a mouth of tender,
Sad human sympathy yet something stoic
In clasp of lip; wide eyes of calmest
splendour,
And brow serenely ample and heroic;—
The features—all—lit with a soul ideal. . .
O visionary boy! what were you seeing,
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real
Ere yet one master-work of yours had being?
Is it a foolish fancy that we humour—
Investing daringly with life and spirit
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumour
Of your great future spoke that men might
hear it?—
Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,
That you were listening, and the camera
drew you
Hearing the voices of your untold stories
And all your lovely poems calling to you?"

It is a pretty poem, but we suspect that the answer to the question is No. R. L. S. was too humorous a man to entertain such thoughts at a photographer's.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Referring to an article on Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson in last week's *ACADEMY*, how is it that his fine story, *The Web of the Spider*, never seems to get justice done to it? It combines the adventure story and the detective story in a most effective setting of wild New Zealand scenery."

THE Art Union of London is to be congratulated on its choice of a subject for its presentation plate to the members for the current year. It is an etching (30 in. x 15 in.) by Leopold Flameng, of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey, A.R.A.'s picture, "Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne." This work was, on the whole, the most admired and discussed picture in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition. In its translation from black and scarlet to black and white the picture has lost little of its impressiveness.

REFINEMENT in America progresses. According to the *Critic*, there came not long since from a Philadelphia college a letter signed by a woman who added to her name the legend "Chairlady of the Committee on —." Perhaps she thought "chair-

woman" would look too much like "charwoman." As a rule, nowadays, it is the charwoman who insists upon being called a lady. What would be thought of a chairman who signed himself "Chairgentleman."

MR. JOHN B. LONG informs us that he is about to begin business as a publisher, under the name of John Long, with the following programme: "Fiction by popular authors; fiction by new writers of undoubted promise; works of travel; medical works; and poetry that may appeal to the public." All poetry comes, we imagine, under this heading. Why not make a departure and publish poetry that will appeal to the public?

MR. J. M. Barrie's next book will be a sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*. It will be called *Celebrated Tommy*.

A NEW series of the *Indian Magazine and Review* will begin in January. Articles are contributed by Sir John Jardine, K.C.I.E., Mrs. Logan, Mrs. B. Batey, and Mr. Coldstream. A design for the wrapper has been supplied from the Lahore School of Art.

UNDER its new control *Cassell's Magazine* is making a braver show than once it did. The January number has a singularly interesting list of contributions: complete stories by Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Max Pemberton; a serial by Mr. Headon Hill; an illustrated article on tobogganing; a humorous paper by Mr. L. F. Austin; and other matters.

THE bookbindings by women which Mr. Karslake, of Charing Cross-road, is now introducing to book-buyers, have earned appreciation in high quarters. The Queen has just purchased two volumes: a copy of the *Imitation of Christ*, bound in bevelled vellum, and *Italian Book Illustrations*, in Indian red morocco, and tooled in floriated gold from an old Italian design.

EARLY in 1898 Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish the complete correspondence between Burns and his well-known patroness, Mrs. Dunlop. The book—which is being prepared by Mr. William Wallace, editor of the last edition of Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*—will contain nearly forty letters by the poet which have not yet seen the light, and one hundred letters by Mrs. Dunlop. The volume, which is fully annotated, clears up a number of disputed points in connexion with Burns's life and works, makes clear his views on religion, and proves that his friends endeavoured—a fact which has hitherto been unsuspected—to secure for him a professorship in Edinburgh University.

MR. LEONARD HUXLEY, who is now engaged upon a Life of his father, contributes to the January number of the *Century* a chapter of familiar reminiscences, "Scenes from Huxley's Home Life." It is accompanied by a portrait of Prof. Huxley and his little grandson, from a photograph taken shortly before the former's death.

REPUTATIONS RECONSIDERED.

GEORGE ELIOT.—II.

TO arrive at the real greatness of a writer it is necessary to begin by shearing off what is spurious or defective. In George Eliot's case the process requires to be thorough and drastic. There is, indeed, a residuum of the most shining merit, but to exhibit its full beauty a large rubbish heap has to be cleared away.

Her initial error lay in misconceiving the essential difference between the philosopher and the novelist, in not recognising that while it is the function of the former to reason about life, it is the business of the latter to represent it. The philosophising is but the crude preparatory stage. No one can set the men and women of fancy to play out their lives in work and laughter, in love and hatred and tears, who has not mused long and deeply over the springs of human motive, the variation in character, the aims and ideals of humanity. For a novel is, or should be, a kind of microcosmos built up from the fruits of experience. It may be a sad little world or a merry one, since either aspect belongs to life; it may have any atmosphere the writer can produce—if only the reader be compelled to breathe it for the time being, so that he is carried out of his actual environment and lives among the creatures of imagination. This end can never be attained unless the author knows the human heart and is true to it. Genius may and often does take wing, carrying us on strange journeys, but at the bottom it will be found that it continues true to some aspect of nature. Truth constitutes the difference between great artists and those who may be called the jerry-builders of literature, those who produce showy, glittering novels as rapidly as a row of villas are run up in a London suburb.

Now if a man must be either a fool or a physician at forty, still more certain is it that he must be either a fool or a philosopher. He may be so (as Tristram Shandy was a logician) without knowing the rules; but that does not alter the fact. Renan, indeed, used to say that no man should write till he is forty, and it is worth noting that all the great novels were composed in or after middle-age, when wisdom grows mellow and the memories of early experience tender. No fault is to be found, then, with George Eliot for being a philosopher. What the reader objects to is the continual and unseasonable obtrusion of her philosophy. A stage-play would be insupportable if even a Wilhelm Meister were to discourse learnedly over every exit and entrance, to stop the action while he drew a moral or adorned the tale. The novel reader dislikes this as much as the playgoer. Let the characters only act and speak and he himself will supply the comment; for he, too, has lived and loved and suffered in some degree; he has amassed knowledge and experience of his own; something within him tells what

is faithful and what is unfaithful. I might further illustrate my meaning by an example drawn from poetry. Take a lyric verse; for instance:

"To sleep! to sleep!
Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day
Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
To sleep! to sleep!
Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be
past;
Sleep, happy soul, all life must sleep at last.
To sleep! to sleep!"

There is the experience of a life-time, the philosophy of a sage behind these simple lines; but they themselves are philosophy blossomed into beauty and wisdom. I think George Eliot would have been a greater, a wiser, and more attractive writer if she had given us only her mind's blossom in the speech and action of her characters, and allowed life as reflected in her microcosmos to teach its own lessons and draw its own moral.

Her not doing so was partly due to temperament, partly to living under Carlyle's dominion, and yielding her susceptible nature to the influence of men of philosophic leanings such as George Henry Lewes and Herbert Spencer. But a weakness grounded on character does not come out in one form only. George Eliot's style suffered from the same causes. It is often, and especially in her later books, pompous and consequential, and produces an impression of straining and struggling. Not thus were the great masterpieces of fiction written—Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding, and Scott, each, in his own way, shows mastery and ripeness. Men and women come at their bidding, play their parts, and disappear; but the magician who summoned them dwells aloof and detached, as one who has sounded the depths of life, and now, from some exterior standpoint, directs his mimic world with a smile half of irony, half of pity. So orderly is the procession, so laughing and natural the pageant, that the casual reader never thinks what has gone to the making of it—the close and vigorous thought, the long experience, the blood and tears. On the contrary, I am afraid he more often than not belongs to the barber's school of criticism.

"He the best player!" cried Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. "Why, I could act as well as he myself; I am sure if I had seen a ghost I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that same scene as you called it, between him and his mother, when you told me he acted so fine, why, Lord help me! any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother would have done exactly the same."

George Eliot fared none the worse in her day for her air of self-consequence. The public is slow to appreciate the simplicity of perfect art. It is more easily impressed by the pompous and obscure and pretentious. And this is no merely modern weakness. It has been inherent since the day when Naaman, the Syrian, said:

"Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

How would a fashionable doctor of to-day earn his living if he did not talk learnedly and shake his head and administer draughts and pills many a time when he knows the best medicine would be something to think about and something to do? Well does he know the advantages of Abana and Pharpar! And so it was rather than otherwise in favour of her popularity that George Eliot never attained that consummate simplicity of style which is born of ripe thought, and deep experience, and bears its apportioned load of laughter, of passion, or of memory, as lightly as the little brook carries a feather from the bird that has been bathing in it. But her fame has now to pay the penalty.

One cannot defend her style—we can only explain it as the result of temperament and influence combined. Thackeray, alone of her contemporaries, caught the accent of the masters, and she did not like Thackeray; least of all did she like Henry Esmond, the most admirably written of all his novels. On the other hand, the men whom she did like were no doubt very excellent teachers and moralists, but their style was not invented for the purpose of narration. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine any worse model for that purpose than Carlyle or Mr. Herbert Spencer. Even Mr. Ruskin's flowing and stately rhetoric is ill-adapted to the ends of the storyteller. And she was not like Tennyson, who could be keenly interested in all forms of research and hold familiar converse with the most diverse intellects, and yet maintain the independence of his own spirit and write his own language. To some extent this was perhaps due to her sex. A woman is more apt than a man to take a cue from her companions, and her language gradually became more technical as her friend and companion George Henry Lewes passed from novel-writing and *belles lettres* to his *Physiology of Common Life* and *History of Science*. Yet she knew very well what were the true objects of the novel. Her teaching, she said, was aesthetic, her way was "to urge the human sanctities through tragedy—through pity and terror as well as admiration and delight." On another occasion she declared that her object was to produce "gentle thoughts and tender remembrances." It scarcely requires saying that to excite pity and terror, to stir old memories, to appeal to the sense of beauty, it is necessary to employ a diction far other than would be appropriate for discussing the Nebular Hypothesis or the facts of physiology. Nevertheless, in picturing the life of *Middlemarch*, not only is the style ruined with pedantic phrases, but there are great patches fitter for an Encyclopædia than a tale.

Worse even than that is the deterioration in tone. The broad human sympathy of *Silas Marner*, the wise and tender humour of *Adam Bede*, the deep feeling of the *Mill on the Floss*, are replaced by a hard pedagogic smartness, and on every page the author poses as if she were the Sybil of Cumæ. At no time does George Eliot produce fun for fun's sake, as Dickens would on the slightest provocation, and as Shakespeare many a time did. Neither has she a keen eye for the oddities and whims of human character; but *Middlemarch* suffers

more than any of the rest from lack of humour. What would the creator of Jonathan Oldbuck or of Parson Adams or of My Uncle Toby or of Don Quixote not have made of Mr. Casaubon? And the Vincys and Brookes and Garths and Bulstrodes required the easy touch of a Thackeray rather than her sober dead-in-earnest pomp. *Middlemarch* always reminds me of a very desolate landscape seen in a bad light—a wind moaning amid bare tree-tops and tossing the lake into forbidding waves. At the best it is a wintry scene, but how much a little sunshine improves it! The water ripples and glitters and sparkles, the warm russet of the dead beech leaves glows under the soft-black stoles. It is not the scene, it is only the light that has changed. There is more sunshine in life than in George Eliot's novels.

Her own light began to fail at a very early period. Her day may be said to have lasted from 1856 to 1863—it was twilight only from then to her death. "I began it, (*Romola*), she says, "a young woman—I finished it an old woman." Her subsequent work is only that of one who is nursing the embers of a slowly dying fire. *Felix Holt*, with its revolting ground-plan and inferior execution, showed symptoms of decay that were further developed in *Middlemarch*, *Deronda*, and *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*.

Of her poetry it is sufficient to note that the student of her prose could have divined what it would be like. "All crudity of expression marks, I think," she wrote to a friend, "a deficiency in subtlety of thought as well as in breadth of moral and poetic feeling." This wise deliverance exactly defines her limitations. A rich style is produced only by a wide mental vision, a sense not only of immediate relations, but of those that are remote; carrying its message with perfect lucidity it will still suggest even more than it directly conveys. Such writing is so difficult of analysis that the critic has got into the way of describing its quality by the single word "charm." He means that it has a sub-colour, an undercurrent of meaning, a suggestion of emotion. Now, with many of the most admirable qualities, the style of George Eliot lacks this. To take an example, let the reader turn to the prison scene in *Adam Bede*. It is no casual incident, but the corner-stone of the novel. The whole story was suggested by it. And the description was long premeditated. Yet it would be superfluous to show that it is a failure. The pathos has no lasting effect; it has no sub-tint, no relief. Life itself is so grotesque a mixture of fun and irony; laughter and tears are so much intermingled that an unmitigated appeal to sentiment is felt to be as unnatural as mere buffoonery.

On the other hand, George Eliot does not seem to have quite appreciated that pathos in Hetty's fate which appeals most strongly to the modern mind. The girl is, as it were, whirled into a side pool, and the great river of life closes in and flows onward with nature's own disregard for the individual. Even Adam Bede, to whom she had appeared the one object worth living for, marries and forgets. And so the poor little

ego, whose mirror declared her the fairest of God's creatures, and whose beauty made her mistress of the strongest, is relentlessly cast aside. If George Eliot had endowed Hetty with just a trifle more brains, what would one not have given to get her theory of the universe after she had been thrust out of her Eden?

The same lack of sub-tint nullifies George Eliot's descriptions. As in novels of older date they remain those of a view-hunter pure and simple. They might be all cut out without injuring the story. But a finer, a more subtly and highly developed art, is not satisfied with this crude method. Lord Tennyson in verse, and R. L. Stevenson more than anyone else in prose, showed that without set description, as much as by the use of one imaginative phrase or sentence, it was possible so to blend the feeling of a scene and the feeling of the actor that one henceforth became inseparable from the other. I shall have further occasion to deal with this promising field of the future novelist; it is enough to note that with all her experience and observation George Eliot's description is never by any chance that of a poetess. It is brought in; it is not vital to the narrative.

One more addition must be made to this formidable, and yet not exhaustive, list of shortcomings ere we arrive at virtues that go far to atone for them. In the *Mill on the Floss* occurs the first instance of that unsoundness of judgment that was to be so pronounced in her subsequent work. Five out of its seven books are devoted to the purpose of producing an atmosphere, and the story only begins at the sixth. But the curious point is, that the cream of the work is all in this monstrously large introduction, and the episode of the heroine who "forgot herself in a boat"—that is to say, the long premeditated story with the subsequent drowning—is not worthy of criticism as literature. The error of judgment lay in not completing the catastrophe in the atmosphere so laboriously and successfully produced.

Beautifully, too, as Maggie Tulliver's rich, dreamy temperament is presented, George Eliot has not chosen her incidents very happily. Unless she deliberately intended to estrange sympathy, Maggie's forgetfulness, for instance, might have been suggested more felicitously than by her allowing Tom's rabbits to starve to death. This cruelty of neglect, however, appears to be part of a deliberate scheme. Maggie Tulliver's relations with Philip Wakem, her want of loyalty to Lucy, and her conduct with Stephen Guest, leave a bad taste in the mouth, a taste that should not have been there if George Eliot wished to enlist our sympathy. The issues are confused, and the difference between right and wrong is lost sight of.

My chief reason for insisting on these grave defects is to obtain solid footing for a great and hearty admiration of George Eliot's best work. It has been said that she and Sir Walter Scott are, after all is said and done, the greatest English novelists produced in the nineteenth century, and I am not inclined to dispute it. No doubt there are many who, taking too seriously

the flouting and sneering thrown at her these many years, will lift an astonished eyebrow at this opinion. But a candid examination of her best work will at least make it intelligible. For our purpose it will be necessary to put aside the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, which, though always promising and often powerful, still bear marks of having been written by a beginner, one who has not yet learned "the tools' true play." The essays and poems must also be dismissed as efforts in a direction where her genius did not lie. *Felix Holt*, *Middlemarch*, *Daniel Deronda*, are to be struck out because composed when her powers had begun to decay. When that is done her reputation must rest on the four novels, *Adam Bede*, *Silas Marner*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Romola*. The last-mentioned has the vigour and sanity of her early work; in some respects it is keener and more powerful; yet the cream of what she had to say is found in the three first. George Eliot's creative art is seen at its highest among the Poyzers at the Hall Farm, in the meetings of the Tullivers, the Dodsons, and their clan, and in her delineations of Silas Marner, and the kindly inquisitive rustics among whom his fate was cast. And it is great, not because of striking and dramatic situations—the invention of situation is a different and inferior faculty—it is great because she displays insight into the motives of human action and imaginative skill to body forth no mere walking characteristics, but full many-sided human characters in their natural environment. And in doing so the artist forgets she is a philosopher. Here is no pose, no pedantry of phrase, no stilted and supercilious smartness, but a free, happy, spontaneous style, and a wide loving sympathy. It is rather sad to reflect how time affected her work. There are two spirits visibly engaged—one is kin to the muse that directed Jane Austen's pen and Scott's, the other is that of an affected schoolmistress: the former was dominant in those early days, the other lurked in the background; but, as feebleness and premature age came upon both mind and body, the influence of her chosen companions became too strong, and the Bad Angel gained the mastery. Had it been otherwise—but, then, it never is otherwise!—it might have been George Eliot's fate to pilot the way to that as yet undiscovered country of romance where richer harvests than have yet been yielded await the reaper. But this, and her pre-eminence among her contemporaries, and much else yet remaining to be said, will become more apparent from the sidelights cast from other reputations.

P.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

GREATER writers have come and gone, but none whose death brings to us a more personal sense of commotion, a feeling of more absolute loss, than Daudet's. It is something of the affectionate spell Dickens cast over his generation, but its intensity of intimacy comes from the radiant reflection of Southern charm, the effervescent wit and

humour, the constant revelations of a delightful temperament set in perfumed and musical prose. Alphonse Daudet is dead, and the world is the poorer by a source of entertainment the less. His books were never masterpieces in the full sense of the word; never flawless works of wit. But how lovable, how gay, how caustic, how luminous, how full of the South world of ineffaceable charm! Where else may we hope to look for such delicacy and daintiness of pathos, of raillery, of humour? So youthful and fresh, and sweet too, that it is with difficulty we have been able to conceive a Daudet worn by life, the soft and brilliant regard dulled by suffering and travail. It is the Daudet of the *Contes Choisis*, of the *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, we find it hard to forget in all the brilliances of his remarkable Provençal beauty, with his Merovingian dusky mane and his exuberance, as seizing and unforgettable as the scents of Provençal hillsides.

No living French writer has penetrated so far, filled so many hearts, brightened so many homes, cast light and air and laughter into gloom, touched the source of tears, and made us all feel younger and fresher for an evening spent in his society. His big efforts generally missed fire, and *Jack* and *Le Nabab* fall far below their aim. His power is in his slighter efforts, and here his strength is the exceeding delicacy of his touch. Their charm is a surpassing fragility, a perfume almost evanescent, so subtle and faint that one hesitates to say precisely wherein is hidden the sting of remembrance. Who is to analyse such grace as his? such warmth that sheds its beneficent rays over his most poignant and ruthless dissection of human vanity and frailty? his bitterest probing of the sources of deception, disenchantment and suffering? A great master we cannot call him, for he was too imperfect an artisan, and not only did he sin by excess in all moods and views, and, as Flaubert told him, "used too much paper," but he continually sinned against taste, and against judgment and discretion. He spared neither friend nor foe when the spirit seized him to paint a living portrait, sometimes with cynical ferocity, the Duke of Morny, whose secretary he had been; sometimes with charming and sprightly mockery, as the good citizens of Tarascon. But the enchanter was ever sure of ready pardon, however he sinned. He had the art of sinning so gracefully. He had the gift of being dull with enthusiasm. He captivates in his prosiest moods, and you see him ever athwart his pages, with his effulgent gaze, his winning smile and his vivid gesticulation. The tale of his youth and early struggle has been told as only Daudet could tell it—first in *Le Petit Chose*, with its melancholy sweetness and delicious irony, and afterwards at length in *Trente ans de Paris*. Once fortune embraced him, his success was a stupendous one. Two other writers alone share such popularity as his, Zola and Georges Ohnet. But while Ohnet exclusively belongs to the illiterate multitude, Daudet was the beloved of all sorts and conditions of men. The implacable and fastidious artist read him with relish. Though a naturalist, even the austere M. Brunetière saluted him with the heavy

artillery of his praise. The politician, the Academician read him, not always with joy or approval, for Daudet, freelance and bohemian, had an exceedingly bitter pen at the service of both, his own particular delight lying in the remorseless exposure of humbugs, the largest elements of which for him were gathered under the dome of the Institute, and within the walls of the Chamber of Deputies. The woman of the world and the little bourgeois, the people, provincials, colonials, foreigners of every land, read Daudet, and his name has for long been a household word at home and abroad. While it is impossible to approve of satire so cruelly venomous as that which is the essence of *l'Immortel*, such genial railery as that which roused the ire of Tarascon, or fetched bloodthirsty warriors up from the south to morose and wicked Paris, armed with big sticks for the skull of their perfidious compatriot, fills the world with mild radiance and laughter. There is such a smiling kindness in it; it proceeds so blithely. This is in every probability the single portion of Daudet's large complex and unsatisfactory work that will pass into the classics or his land. To create a type is to stand the test of time. Tartarin is as finished a type as any literature possesses. The setting of the type, too, is as engaging as the central figure itself. The sleepy little town lives for ever a legend of elastic prowess that needs but a pen-prick for cautious effacement. We see with his clear and joyous vision a corner of France, which through him has become a lasting memory, and nevermore can we forget such pictures of living colour, touched with the bold, free, and vivid strokes of the born landscape painter, told with the rhythm of the perfect musician; the silent ponds of Provence, with their rose-hued flamingoes; the grand grey-blue river, quaint and dead old towns; a land perfumed with rose and lavender and wild woodland scents, and the thousand lovelinesses of shepherd life, with the sufferings of the minstrel and the luminous ferocity of summer in the south. Here is the Daudet who will live when *l'Immortel*, *Le Nabab*, *Jack*, or *Numa Roumestan* will be forgotten.

For his heavier books are but impassioned studies of the hour; evanescent phrases of modern Parisian life, caught sometimes heavily and bitterly on the wing, and worked deliberately into novels. He had the misfortune to believe in the note-book, and hence the ponderous exactitude of his descriptions. Provence, where he is merely the witching impressionist, he offers us with all the convincing precision of broad strokes. When he laughs he is sure to be right, and he has the virtue always of laughing in Provence. Sometimes, from force of mocking tenderness, he laughs with the tears not far from his eyelids, and this is an added charm. Elsewhere he is ruthlessly documentary, and like Zola, the Goncourts, and all of their school, piles detail upon detail, till the picture is covered or lost in verbiage. Of course, he saves himself continually on the point of creating a yawn or an impatient sigh, by his wit, his humour, his boundless pity for suffering, his poignancy and delicious sentimentality. The man himself is always so

charming that we cannot long remain in the sulks, and are forced to follow him. His love of women is so naïve, so weak, without any actual perversity; he so clings to them, and so infinitely prefers their weaknesses to those of his own sex. Whatever his faults as a man may have been—and he was far from being a saint—he had the merit of adoring his wife and leaning on her, like the middle-aged child he was, and appreciating, as few writers ever have done, by word spoken and written, his home-solitude peopled with kisses. And never was man more beloved of his friends than he. The fame of his winged word has travelled far. As a conversationalist he was more brilliant even than as a writer. He spoke as he wrote, with vibrant, vital eloquence, the words hurrying on a luminous wave, captivating like light and wine; full of every exquisite quality of wit and humour; variable, flexible, rainbow-hued; musical as wind and water. And equally magical was his sympathy. "We shall ever remember the master's gentleness," writes the brothers Paul and Victor Marpièrre, "his discreet tenderness, his heart that was open for all who knocked. This invalid was a curer of souls." This we may well believe. The essential note of his work is pity rather than satire. No one has felt the misery and suffering of tortured childhood, of isolated youth, of poverty, of blight, of sickness and despair more deeply, and it would be impossible to convey the great lesson of pain in more poignant pages than those in which he has painted the sufferings of Jack; of Rosalie, the betrayed wife of Numa Roumestan; of Felicie and the Nabab; of the mother of the *Evangeliste*; of so many men and women on whom the hand of Destiny has lain with such unjust force. In his graver moods, a kindly, genial, and generous creature—full of faults, it is true; not over discreet or wise; sometimes lacking in taste and in tact, but always sympathetic, by reason of his exuberant personality; who has given us many an exquisite page, many a delicate fancy, many a delicious hour in the dull, sad moments of life; whose irony, mournful and tender, has often proved a tonic in moods of lassitude and indifference; whose inextinguishable gaiety is ever a fountain of fairy force at which exhausted spirits may refresh themselves. A vigorous, a vital, and a subtle nature, the best of him was perhaps *lived*, not written. In this moment of mourning, it is not to the wife and the children so intensely loved by this intense nature that the thought flies, but to the forsaken "Mère Jacques," the big brother of *Le petit Chose*, from whom his "little things" of so many precious memories was taken so suddenly, without a farewell look, without a last bitter hand-clasp, without a last word of endearment or consolation. Such a brotherhood as that of the two Daudets was a divine tie, and the one that remains cannot ever say as Daudet himself said of his last moment with Goncourt, his brother of letters:

"Suddenly his hand, whose burning heat had cooled by degrees, was drawn hastily from mine, almost harshly. The last agony, it appears, has these spasmodic movements. For me it was like a precipitated departure, the

friend who is pressed by time, and who brusquely tears himself from your farewell."

There is a quality rare in modern French fiction which Daudet can claim: a reverence for and an understanding of purity. How many of the younger writers could paint us that delicate little picture of the enamoured shepherd, whose master's lovely young daughter shares his vigil beneath the stars:

"I felt something fresh and fine weigh lightly on my shoulders. It was her head, heavy with sleep, that rested against me with a pretty crush of ribbons, laces and wavy hair. She remained thus without stirring until the moment when the stars of heaven began to pale, effaced by mounting daylight. And I watched her sleeping, a little troubled in the depths of my being, but sacredly protected by the clear night which has ever filled me with beautiful thoughts. Around us the stars continued their silent course, docile like a big herd of cattle; and for a moment I imagined that one of the stars, the most beautiful and brilliant, having lost its way, had come and lain on my shoulder to sleep."

So much may we be thankful for to the Daudet who has thus enriched us with many a beautiful thought, beautifully expressed, that came to him, like the shepherd's stars, in the soft night hours of his wondrous Provence.

H. L.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF HEINE.

II.—HEINE: THE SINGER.

BOTH as a poet and as a man Heine's nature was dual; in his work as in his life we can hear the clash of opposing forces. He inspired the muse of the romantic school, growing rigid in the trammels of her own conventionality, with a new and magic life; yet standing as he did in the fierce dawn of realism, which flooded a new light over a world of things as they are, he withered her beautiful shadowy realms with his mockery. The subjectivity of every line of verse he ever wrote was revolutionary. No poet had before him struck the chords of natural egotism with so sure a hand. In his songs poetry welled up, against all the canons of romanticism, from the parched soil of actual life, and drew its inspiration from the moving present, not from the misty past. Yet his methods are still those of romanticism. He still sees nature—though his wonderful pictures of the North Sea seem to give this assertion the lie—through the coloured glasses of the romantic school. His glimpses of the Orient, for example, are romantic; his is the legendary Orient of the Crusades, not the Orient which Goethe had discovered for the West. In the whole succession of his poems we find the well-worn symbols of romanticism, the conventional tinsel of a love song, the lily fingers, the rosy cheek, the bleeding heart and kindred poetic properties, which date back to the

troubadours. Heine himself, later in life, acknowledged his dependence on the time-honoured romantic conventions; for in the introduction of a French translation of his *Book of Songs* he writes of "a far too big a dose of the roses, nightingale, and moon-beams *fricassée*."

Although his *Book of Songs* made him the patron saint of the new realistic school of "young Germany," one of his latest works, *Atta Troll*, was directed against "these cockchafers of the spring-time of nations." In its attack on poetry with a purpose, in its appeal for the liberation of song from the fetters of actuality, in its scorn for the lyric politician, *Atta Troll* is a sounding echo of romanticism. So again, in his bitter attack on "the Swabian poets," Heine turned and rent a school he himself had called into being. In many of his poems, it is true, this antagonism between the romantic and the real is conscious, almost coquettish, as when the poet gibes at his own lovelorn anguish with bitter mockery. But it is none the less genuine. According to a very straightforward and simple method of criticism, which obtains more especially in Germany: Heine feared the pain of his own heart; therefore he had no real feeling; therefore his pain was a deceit; therefore all his poetry is artificial. This process of reasoning is all very well, but for the fact that it takes no account of the artistic imaginative temperament. Heine possessed it, and by calling to his mind the memories of spent passion and scarred sorrow, his genius enabled him to strike a note which goes straight to the heart. For all his conventional apparatus, therefore, Heine as the singer of the bitter sweet of love can, whether he himself felt deeply or not, awake memories in every one of his readers. The common happenings of everyday life gain a new significance. The genius of the poet lights up a world to the beauty of which we are strangers and with which we are yet strangely familiar.

What is perhaps most remarkable in the lyrics of the *Book of Songs*, apart from their exquisite melodiousness, is the simplicity and spontaneity of their language—the language of the true Folk song, which has to-day led hundreds of peasants to sing the "Lorelei" who have, perhaps, never heard the name of Heine. Analysing the material of this wonderful song critically, it is threadbare enough. We have the beautiful maiden combing her conventionally golden hair with the inevitably golden comb, while the love-lorn youth drifts to destruction on the rocks at her feet. The story is as old as that of the Syrens. Yet these dry bones, revived by the breath of Heine's genius, are clothed in the romantic spirit of the Rhine. It is also, as are most of the best of Heine's verses, not to be translated from its mother tongue. Transplanted from its native atmosphere it becomes wooden. Take, for example, the wonderful picture of the Rhine in the gloaming with which the poem opens. Sir Theodore Martin, whose versions I have elected to follow—chiefly because he keeps most closely, at whatever cost, to the original, though often enough he plays the

cat and banjo with Heine's most tuneful metres—renders it after this fashion:

"I cannot tell what's coming o'er me
That makes me so eerie and low,
An old world legend before me
Keeps rising, and will not go."

It sounds like a description of the premonitory symptoms of sea-sickness. Another translator, in a desperate endeavour to cling to the original, outrages his own mother-tongue:

"The air is fresh and it darkles,
And smoothly flows the Rhine;
The peak of the mountain sparkles
In the fading sunset shine."

Happiest of the many attempts is, perhaps, that of Mr. Macmillan, who has chosen a soft kailyard dialect, which seems to suit the requirements of the folk-song:

"From the cool the gloamin' drops dimmer,
And the Rhine slips softly by;
The tops o' the mountains shimmer
I' the lowe of the sunset sky."

Often in the rich mines of the *Book of Songs* we find rare gems of exquisite tenderness and purity and depth of feeling. In the sonnet dedicated to his mother Heine tells how he wandered far in the quest of love, and found only contempt or hate:

"And ever searched I after love; yes, ever
Searched after love, and love discovered never,
And so I homeward went with troubled thought,
But thou wast there to welcome me again,
And, ah, what in thy dear eyes floated then,
That was the sweet love I so long had sought."

Or again:

"Thou art even as a flower is,
So gentle and pure and fair,
I gaze on thee and sadness
Comes over my heart unaware."

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
My hands on thy head with a prayer,
That God may keep thee, alway, sweet,
So gentle and pure and fair."

Side by side with this worship of the good and the beautiful we find verses of cynical coarseness and brutal directness. Very characteristic of many of Heine's poems is the abrupt transition from the dreams of a fantastic imagination to the incongruity of reality. In the "North Sea" there is a striking example. The poet is lying idly on board his boat gazing dreamily into the water. Through the depths he sees at length the mirage of a sunken town. The vision grows clearer. Grave men, with black mantles and long swords, cross the crowded market-place to sculptured town hall. Under the clipt yew trees are silk-robed girls and smiling gallants. The scene reopens the old wound in the poet's heart. In the old high-gabled house his mistress sits. He cries:

"I have found thee again and see again
Thy sweet face,
The bright, faithful eyes,
That dear smile,
And never again shall I forsake thee;
And I am coming down to thee.
And with arms outstretched
I plunge down to thy heart."

At this point the poet swiftly abandons his earnest mood; adding, with a laugh:

"But just in the nick of time
The skipper grabbed my foot
And dragged me from the taffrail,
And cried, laughing half angrily,
'Doctor, what the devil's the matter?'"

Almost magic in its simplicity and directness is Heine's gift of describing the spirit of a scene by a few vague outlines. The beauties of nature are not only hinted but the significance of every scene is brought home. Consider that exquisite love-song:

"Oh, I would bear thee, my love, my bride,
Afar on the wings of song,
To a fairy spot on the Ganges' side:
I have known and loved it long.

'Tis a garden aflame with blossoms rare
That sleeping in moonlight lies,
The lotus flowers are awaiting thee there,
A sister they dearly prize.

There the violets twine and soft vows repeat
And gaze on the stars above,
The roses exhale in whispers sweet
Old legends of souls that love."

But, as I have said, to attempt to translate Heine, as with Horace, usually spells failure. More especially is this the case when the poet sums up his whole philosophy of love in a few couplets of almost epigrammatic directness and terseness. Happy, however, for its daintiness is one of (I think) Miss Kroeker's translations:

"The Butterfly is in love with the Rose,
And hovers around her alway;
But a golden Sunbeam loves him again,
And flutters around him all day.
But tell me with whom the Rose is in love?
That would I know soonest by far,
Or is it the singing Nightingale?
Or is it the Evening Star?"

I know not with whom the Rose is in love,
But I love you all as you are—
The Butterfly, Sunbeam, and Nightingale,
The Rose and the Evening Star."

Sir Theodore does one of the most famous of Heine's lyrics into English in this wise:

"A young man loves a maiden;
For somebody else she sighs;
That somebody else loves another,
And marries his winsome prize.

The maiden in mere vexation,
Because of the loss she had had,
Weds the first kind soul that offers,
And makes the young man mad.

'Tis an old, a very old, story,
But still it is always new,
And when and wherever it happens,
A heart is broken in two."

And, again:

"People have teased and vexed me,
Worried me early and late:
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate.

They drugged my glass with poison,
They poisoned the bread I ate:
Some with the love they bore me,
Other some with their hate."

This shall be the last quotation from the lyrics of Heine, from this poetry of such rare beauty and of such startling contrasts. What he himself said of the heart of one of his heroines seems to me to apply to his own poetry. "There are hearts in which jest and earnestness, wickedness and good-

ness, heat and cold are so strangely mingled that it becomes difficult to judge them. . . . Sometimes her heart was a frozen island of ice, from the glassy floor of which rose the most passionate glowing palm woods; sometimes, again, it was a glowing volcano of enthusiasm which is suddenly overwhelmed by an avalanche of snow." No; it is not easy to sit in judgment on such hearts, still less on such poetry! You cannot ticket and catalogue it according to the rules of literary entomology. It is still too full of life. Least of all can you "do it into English verse."

O. W.

WHAT THE PEOPLE READ.

VII.—A RAILWAY PORTER.

"Epsom train!" I gasped, as I plunged from the District station at Wimbledon into its neighbour of the South Western. "Have I time to get a ticket?" He was standing on guard at the doorway which led to the platform, and as he swung round at my voice he showed a genial face, and brought down his wooden leg with a crack on the asphalt.

"Plenty of time, Sir," he said pleasantly; "close on a howler. Next train 6.52."

"But what about the 5.48?" I asked. He nodded towards a red light which was rapidly growing dimmer in the distance. "That's the 5.48," he said.

I was annoyed. But I only remarked that it seemed inconvenient for the 5.48 out of Wimbledon to start before the 5.45 into Wimbledon had arrived. And he only raised his eyebrows and wagged his head, as though such a mischance were—in the language of the company's by-laws—the Act of God.

I walked once up the platform, and once down again, to recover my temper. And then I found him explaining to two ladies and one old gentleman the quickest route to Leatherhead, to Pinner, and to Latimer-road, and each inquiry was greeted by the same genial countenance and the same crack of the wooden leg upon the asphalt.

"I should think," I said, when the others had been pointed to their destinations, "that you have no leisure to read anything but the railway time-tables."

He leaned back against the doorpost and laughed, sticking out his wooden leg.

"Ah, that's all in the day's work, Sir," he said. "The comp'ny's treated me well enough since I lost my leg, fifteen years ago; and look here—if you was to ask me any train that came through here, Sundays or weekdays, I'd tell you—without thinking."

He had become very grave, and his finger was laid upon the lappel of my coat.

A murmur, a rattle, a roar; and a red tail-light receded with a *diminuendo* of sound.

"That train's going to Haslemere," he said.

"You know Haslemere?"

"Yes, I know the whole line."

"Haslemere has become quite a literary colony."

"Ah," he said.

"Prof. Tyndall lived there, I believe."

"Prof. Tyndall—yes, he was a infidel, wasn't he?"

"And Mr. Grant Allen has a house there—you know Grant Allen by name?"

He wrinkled his brows.

"I daresay I know the gentleman well enough. There's lots of gentlemen stop and talk—same as you—and ask me how I lost my leg, and so on—but, bless you, they don't tell me their names, and it ain't my place to ask."

"Ah, I thought you might have seen his name on the bookstall there. He writes books, you know."

"No, I don't remember the gentleman's name," he said.

"I suppose you have the free run of the bookstall?" I said.

"Oh, I go and have a look round now and then," he said, waving his arm. "There's always something fresh to look at. Beats me how they think of all the things they do. There's *Punch* now, and *Pick-me-Up*, and *Answers*, and *Sketch*; for pictures, now, you don't want nothing better than that."

"Well, what is your favourite reading?"

"My favourite reading? Well, I'm not what you might call a great reader. Beats me how people find time for reading all they do. Seems to me if you go and look at all them books on that bookstall, you'll wonder how anyone could find time to read 'em all. Now I'll just tell you; it's like this with me: I've got to stand here day in and day out, and tell people how the trains run—he had been telling them at intervals while he talked with me—and that's as much as one poor 'ed can carry. Now and then, I grant you, I go and look at the books—like the *Graphic* and *Tit-Bits*. And then I sees 'Horrible Murder' on one bill, and 'Awful Tragedy' on another. And it's just the same thing. So I tell you what I do. Last thing before the bookstall shuts that boy there brings me a *Evening News*."

"And you read that?"

"I don't read nothing here," he said, emphasising the locality with a tap of his wooden leg—"it's only looking. But I go home—I live just over there"—he jerked his jolly face over his shoulder—"and after I've fed the fowls, and had a wash, and a bit of supper, I just sits down and reads the paper. It mayn't be more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, because I'm generally a bit sleepy. But I've got to know what's going on. And"—again he placed a forefinger on the lappel of my coat—"I've got a son that plays in the Woolwich Arsenal." He stumped forward a few paces and looked up at the clock.

"Epsom, 6.52, is your train, Sir, isn't it? You've just ten minutes."

C. R.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

WITH Christmas at our doors the publishing season has slackened; and we do not select any books for special comment.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

THE PARALLEL HISTORY OF THE JEWISH MONARCHY, PRINTED IN THE TEXT OF THE REVISED VERSION, 1895. C. J. Clay & Sons. 2s.
THE AMERICAN REVIVAL. By J. H. Overton, D.D. Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.

- BRIGHT THOUGHTS TEXT BOOK. Digby, Long & Co.
 ABRAHAM AND HIS AGE. By George Henry Tomkins.
 Eyre & Spottiswoods.
 THE PROTESTANT FAITH; OR, SALVATION BY BELIEF. By
 Dwight Hinckley Olmstead. Third edition. G. P.
 Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d.
 THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll.
 Fifth Series: Vol. VI. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.
 THE IDEAL LIFE, AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED ADDRESSES.
 By Henry Drummond. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.
 THE BIBLE: EVERLEY EDITION. Edited by J. W. Mackail.
 Macmillan & Co. Vol. IV. 5s.
 THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, 1898. Burns & Oates. 1s. 6d.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- THE STORY OF CANADA. By Howard Angus Kennedy.
 Horace Marshall & Son.
 HENRY WHITTEN: 1825-1896. By the Rev. H. D.
 Rawnsley. James MacLehose & Sons.
 THE OXFORD MANUALS OF ENGLISH HISTORY: NO. IV.,
 ENGLAND AND THE REFORMATION. By G. W. P. P. P. P.
 TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY. Long-
 mans, Green & Co.
 THE OLD CAMPADOR, AND THE WAVING OF THE CRESCENT
 IN THE WEST. By H. Butler Clarke. G. P. Putnam's
 Sons. 5s.
 AMBROISE PARÉ AND HIS TIMES, 1510-1590. By Stephen
 Paget. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d.
 LIFE OF SIR JOHN HAWLEY GLOVER. By Lady Glover.
 Smith, Elder & Co. 14s.

POETRY, ESSAYS, CRITICISM.

- THE INNER LIGHT, AND OTHER POEMS. By Ellen H. Ebbes.
 Digby, Long & Co.
 THE HABITANT, AND OTHER FRENCH-CANADIAN POEMS.
 G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.
 WASHINGTON: A NATIONAL EPIC IN SIX CANTOS. By
 Edward Johnson Runk. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 GUESSES AT TRUTH. By Two Brothers. Everley edition.
 Macmillan & Co. 5s.

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

- VICTORIA. By George Meredith. Revised edition. Archi-
 bald Constable & Co. 6s.

ART.

- THE VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Berth-
 old Berenson. Third edition. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 21s. net.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- SOCIAL AND MYTHICAL INTERPRETATIONS IN MENTAL DE-
 VELOPMENT. By James Mark Baldwin. Macmillan &
 Co.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- FROM THE TROPICS TO THE NORTH SEA. By Fanny A.
 Barkly. The Roxburghe Press. 3s. 6d.
 PICTURESQUE DUBLIN, OLD AND NEW. By Frances Gerard.
 Hutchinson & Co. 12s.

EDUCATIONAL.

- SOLUTIONS OF THE EXERCISES IN TAYLOR'S EUCLID. By
 W. W. Taylor, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 6s.
 THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. By Margaret A. Rolleston.
 George Philip & Son.
 THE WARWICK SHAKESPEARE: THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
 Edited by H. L. Withers. Blackie & Son. 1s. 6d.
 THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION: A MONTHLY RECORD AND
 REVIEW, 1897. William Rice
 ATHENÆUM PRESS SERIES: BURKE'S SPEECH ON CONCILIA-
 TION WITH AMERICA. Edited by Hammond Lamont.
 Ginn & Co. (New York). 2s. 6d.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

- THE MONKEY THAT WOULD NOT KILL: STORIES BY HENRY
 DRUMMOND. Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. THE
 CRICKETMAN FAIRY-BOOK. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- ON THE OUTSIDE EDGE: BEING DIVERSIONS IN THE HISTORY
 OF SKATING. By G. Herbert Fowler. Horace Cox.
 THE STORY OF THE POTTER. By Charles F. Burns.
 George Newnes, Ltd. DOD'S PERRAGE: 1898. Sampson
 Low. 10s. 6d. THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Philip
 Gilbert Hamerton. Seeley & Co. 6s. A CROTIAN
 COMPOSER: NOTES TOWARD THE STUDY OF JOSEPH
 HAYDN. By W. H. Hadow, M.A. Seeley & Co.
 2s. 6d. A PILGRIM'S SCRIP: EXTRACTS FOR DAILY
 USE. From the Writings of Rev. J. W. Neale. Ellis &
 Knollys. 2s. 6d. NORSE TALES AND SKETCHES. By
 Alexander L. Kielland. Cheap edition. Elliot Stock.
 NOTES ON CARPENTRY AND JOINERY. By Thomas Jay
 Evans. Vol. I. Chapman & Hall.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. NUTT AND THE "AUTHOR."

SIR,—As a general rule, the editor of a paper prefers his own columns for any reply to charges brought against his paper. The present case, however, seems to invite a departure from that rule.

It is now some four or five years since I received a visit from Mr. Nutt, and discussed with him many points connected with the administration of literary property. I found him, at the time, quite open to reason, and, as I believed, ready to recognise the fact that the Authors' Society has for its first and most important duty the discovery and the publication of all the facts connected with this administration. He seemed to me ready to aid in this work, not to resent it, and to recognise its importance to those who create and own literary property. The favourable impression thus left upon me, therefore, made it the more amazing to read in your columns the letter of last week signed by the name of Alfred Nutt. It is the kind of letter to which we are quite accustomed, but I did not expect, I confess, to see it signed by Mr. Nutt. And I deeply regret that he should have stooped to make such an attack in such language.

Leaving his abuse aside—one need not stoop with him—I ask your permission to state the facts of the case.

Let me first assure your readers, most seriously, that the figures published from time to time by the Authors' Society are not inventions. They are figures actually found in printers' estimates and printers' bills, and in publishers' accounts.

Some time ago one of the discontented gentry who are always trying to attack these figures adopted the ingenious method of adding two sheets to the number given in the Society's figures. He was thus enabled to prove them quite wrong—even ridiculously wrong. Another person adopted the method of publishing figures of his own—which his own firm contradicted the next day by a confidential circular sent to the trade. Mr. Nutt has adopted a method somewhat analogous. He enlarges the average book. Thus he lays it down as a rule that the average six-shilling novel consists of 388 pages—"at least"—note carefully the words "at least"—i.e., 24½ sheets of 16 pages each. If this is the "least" number of sheets or pages possible, the average book must be at least 450 pages, while a long novel would perhaps run into 600 pages. This assumption is one which few of your readers are likely to question or to understand. That it should have been advanced is amazing from one point of view; intelligible from another. It makes the figures which follow possible, and it clearly proves our figures to be quite wrong.

Let us, therefore, examine into this assumption. We want to find the length of an average six-shilling novel. I take down a few from my shelves:—Rudyard Kipling, *The Light that Failed*, 15½ sheets (248 pp.); Becke, *A First Fleet Family*, 17 sheets (271 pp.); Jacob's *Many Cargoes*, 15½ sheets (247 pp.); Barrie, *A Window in Thrums*, 13½ sheets (217 pp.); Anthony Hope, *Prisoner of Zenda*, 19½ sheets (310 pp.). Where, now, is Mr. Nutt's "at least"? Where are his 24½ sheets and 388 pages "at least"? Here are five most popular works—calculate the average length for yourself—I will give no more instances. As a matter of fact, the six-shilling novel is becoming shorter and not longer, and as an average volume we assume that 17 sheets is fairly representative. Even if we took 18 sheets or

19 sheets the result would be very little different. But to take a book of 24½ sheets as an average length, not to speak of a minimum length, is perfectly monstrous.

Our average, however, is not taken from these five books just quoted; it is the result of comparison and experience. The Society's secretary has arrived at the conclusion that such a number of sheets—viz., 17—fairly represents the average six-shilling novel in length. In cases where it is longer it is generally found that the type is larger, so that there must be a corresponding reduction in the cost of composition. Thus the *Prisoner of Zenda* has 19½ sheets with 51,000 words; *Many Cargoes* takes only 15½ sheets with 86,000 words. But I do not suppose there was much difference in the cost of production of either work.

Now for our figures. They are "publishers' figures"—i.e., a writer with a single book would probably have to pay more. We assume, then, a book of 17 sheets, or 272 pages, the type to be small pica, the number of words in a page to be 282. We have, for the whole edition of 1,500 copies:

	£	s.	d.
Composition at £1 7s. 6d.			
per sheet ...	23	7	6
Printing at 17s. 6d. per sheet	14	17	6
Paper at £1 7s. per sheet...	22	19	0
Binding at 4d. per vol. ...	25	0	0
	86	4	0

Since these figures were collected paper has gone down, so that we may reduce the charge on paper very materially. Let the total stand, however, so as to include corrections. The charge for binding is that commonly made by the binder when the publisher can order a large quantity of cloth at once. In the *Author*, however, the cost of production was set down at £100, not £86. Why was this? Simply in order to include the advertising. On this class of book—viz., a book by a new hand whose work no publisher would take unless the writer paid for it in advance—£14 is much more than would be generally spent on advertising. However, Mr. Nutt's assertion, that no allowance is made for advertising and corrections, is, you see, without foundation. As for circularising, if any, that would come out of the author's preliminary advance of £110. He says further, that review and presentation copies are not included. He estimates the item at one hundred copies. I do not. I estimate it, for such a book, at forty. Further, he forgets the "overs." Now on an edition of 1,500 there would probably be enough "overs" to meet this demand. If, however, by any amazing accident there were no "overs" we should have to subtract this number from those sold; but we should also subtract the same number from the author's royalties, a fact which seems to have escaped Mr. Nutt's penetration. The reduction, indeed, makes matters much worse for Mr. Nutt, because it deprives the author of £5 10s. and the publisher of £1 10s. After all, that is not much to make a fuss about, is it?

Therefore all the facts advanced by the *Author* remain; viz.,

1. If 1,000 copies are sold the author makes a profit of £2 10s. to the publisher's profit of £72.
2. If 1,500 copies are sold the author makes £65, and the publisher more than £90.
3. And all this while the author has paid £110 in advance, and the publisher has had no risk whatever.

Your readers now understand that our figures were not "based on the conviction that the publisher was swindling the author." There is nothing about swindling except in Mr. Nutt's brain. It is called in my paper "a fancy offer," which is a very good name for it. The publisher had a perfect right to make any offer he pleased, and the author to refuse it if he

pleased. Ail, so far, was fair and above board. I really do not know whether the author accepted the proposal or not—I hope not. The secretary knows, however, if the information were required. There is another point. Considering that the publisher would not take any portion of the risk I incline to the opinion that the sale of the work would be numbered by a very few, in which case the author would get nothing but the honour and glory which generally follow on the production of a work which can be published on no other terms. And so I dismiss Mr. Nutt.

I would advise other persons anxious to follow Mr. Nutt's admirable method of disproving our figures not to begin by saying that no one heeds the *Author*, and then to take a column and a quarter in order to prove that he himself pays very particular attention to what the *Author* says. It is a great pleasure to me, as the editor, to know that the paper is so carefully read.

WALTER BESANT.

MR. WATSON'S POETRY.

SIR,—In the ACADEMY's review of Mr. Watson's poetry it is stated that "from time to time he would write lyrics, and, of all singers most deliberate, will call himself 'a tarrying minstrel, who finds, not fashions his numbers'"; the implication being that there is something of arrogance in such a claim, since Mr. Watson is eminently a poet who laboriously "fashions his numbers," his great defect being a lack of spontaneity. I venture to submit that the context in which the phrase appears does not substantiate any such suggestion.

The passage occurs at the commencement of the "Hymn to the Sea," where we read as follows:

"Grant, O regal in bounty, a subtle and delicate largess;
Grant an ethereal alms, out of the wealth of thy soul:
Suffer a tarrying minstrel, who finds not fashions his numbers,—
Who, from the commune of air, cages the volatile song,—
Here to capture and prison some fugitive breath of thy descant,
Thine and his own as thy roar lisped on the lips of a shell."

Here the thought surely is, that if the sea will give the poet but a small portion of its spirit there will be no need for him to fashion the song. The numbers are already provided, and only require to be "caged." It will be enough for him to capture them as they fall air-borne upon his ear, and to reproduce them though—it may be—faintly, as the shell reproduces the roar of the sea. He is content to be the vehicle; he makes no claim to be the fashioner or creator of the song.

A. E. THISELTON.

AUSONIUS.

SIR,—I was far from forgetting the existence of Ausonius, the strange Christian poet of the "Rosse," "Mosella," and "Cupido Crucifixus," with many other things—some exquisite, some infamous. I should have saved myself from Mr. Chambers's rather cruel suggestion had I used some such phrase as "There is no such person as Ausonius in this connexion,"

or "from a mythological point of view." I relied, perhaps, too much upon the reader's familiarity with M. de Heredia's context.

THE REVIEWER.

A NEW SHAKESPEARE CRYPTOGRAM. WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE PLAYS AN IRISHMAN?

SIR,—The cryptogram now put forward for the first time is to be found in a well-known passage from "Hamlet":

"*Hamlet*: Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you. . . ."

The phrase, "by Saint Patrick!" has ever been a crux for the critics. "How," writes Warburton, "the poet comes to make Hamlet swear by Saint Patrick I know not. However, at that time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland." Warburton openly confesses his inability to solve the enigma, which later commentators have not attempted.

The incongruous oath, it should be noted, is used by Hamlet where he swears his friends to the most solemn secrecy; and hidden for ages in the text lies another secret—less awful, but none the less mysterious.

The keynote of our cryptogram is the Hibernian name, seemingly pitchforked into the play without object or meaning—

"(1) Patrick. . . ."

Our attention is again arrested by the word "Horatio," which has the same number of letters as "Patrick—the cabalistic seven—the final 'o' being punctuated by a comma—"o'." Here we have a further clue, because "o'" followed by a comma, and coming directly after the name Patrick, obviously suggests an Irish surname. We have now:

"(2) Patrick O'. . . ."

The end of the first line having been reached, we naturally turn to the second, or line 2. The mental process involved in this act naturally forces into our minds the idea of two, while before our eyes stands the word "too," which philologists tell us was originally equivalent in meaning to "two." We add this word to our line:

"(3) Patrick O'Too. . . ."

After this the solution of the cryptogram becomes slightly more difficult; its author probably thinking that he had at first made it too easy. The mind having been forced to dwell twice successively upon the numeral 2, frames for itself the equation, "2 + 2 = 4."

Having found the first letter of our surname at the end of a line, we now turn to the end of the third line of the quotation—"four" being still our predominant idea—where we find the fourth letter from the end, "l," which gives us:

"(4) Patrick O'Tool. . . ."

The imperfect spelling of the surname may be perfected by passing from "l" to the

next letter in the same line, still counting backwards:

"(5) Patrick O'Toole. . . ."

Lastly, between the final "o" in "Horatio" and the "too" which we have already commented upon, stands the remarkable word "offence," which easily turns into the designation "of Ennis," the birthplace of Patrick O'Toole:

"(6) Patrick O'Toole of Ennis."

So far the cryptogram is incomplete, but no doubt further elucidation awaits the investigation of the learned. Meanwhile, this Irish name hidden in so suggestive a context, this "ambiguous giving out to note," cannot have been purposeless. And, while the true name of him we call "Shakespeare" is yet a mystery, may we not ask—Is one name, greatest of all, to be added to those of Farquar, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, and other Irish dramatists? was "Shakespeare" the pseudonym of Patrick O'Toole?

GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

Dublin: Dec. 9.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

SIR,—I desire to thank your reviewer for his very favourable notice of my book. Concerning that feature to which he takes serious exception you will, perhaps, kindly allow me to make an explanation. The charges brought by me against the late Sir John Skelton are certainly grave, and in some cases strongly put; but, as your reviewer apprehends, they were intended to appear during Sir John's lifetime. Had I known that he was to have no opportunity to reply, several of the expressions would have been softened, and the grounds of some of the charges made more plain. Two of those to which your reviewer objects may be specially mentioned.

After exposing a gross misrepresentation of Knox's conduct (p. 397), I put the question: "Has Mr. Skelton been drawing on a disordered imagination?" As he had himself spoken of Knox's "disordered imagination" (*Maitland of Lethington*, ii. 165), I was in this case merely retorting his own words—words which he had wilfully used towards one who could not possibly defend himself.

In connexion with the articles drawn up, and signed by several of the Lords, before the Riccio murder, Sir John says in his *Mary Stuart* (p. 78): "He [i.e., Moray] now returned to make Darnley king; and that there might be no mistake, either then or afterwards, the shameful bargain was reduced to writing. These are the articles to which Moray set his hand." Then follows *within inverted commas* the summary which I have so severely denounced. In his *Maitland of Lethington* (ii. 164), the same summary is introduced in a very similar way—in words distinctly implying that he is proceeding to quote the articles themselves. Although the articles were carefully printed from the original by the Maitland Club in 1843, and again by Sir William Fraser in 1890, Sir John, who mentions no authority in his *Mary Stuart*, only refers in his *Lethington* to "Keith (iii. 261)." Keith merely gives them

in an abridged form; but even compared with that abridged form Sir John's presentation of the articles deserves emphatic condemnation. Without the slightest hint of having done so, he not only compresses the phraseology, but he omits a vital stipulation, and essentially alters the terms of what he retains. With his vital omission I have dealt on p. 385. His compression and alteration of the terms can best be shown by short parallel quotations.

KEITH.

"1. The said Earls, Lords, and complices, shall become, and by the tenor hereof becomes, true subjects and faithful servants to the noble and mighty Prince Henry, King of Scotland, husband to our Sovereign Lady; That they and theirs will take his part in all his causes and quarrels against whomsoever it be, to the uttermost of their power, and shall be friends to his friends, and enemies to his enemies, and therein neither spare their lands, lives, or estates.
2. The said Lords and their complices shall, at the first Parliament after their return grant, give, and ordain the Matrimonial Crown to the said noble Prince all the days of his life."

It was this glaring departure from his authority that I characterised as "an imperfect, a misleading, a dishonest summary!" Though in the circumstances, perhaps, I should not now say so, it still appears to me that this divergence cannot be regarded as accidental.

D. HAY FLEMING.

St. Andrews, Dec. 13.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

"More Tramps Abroad,"
By Mark Twain.

It is recognised that in this book we have Mark Twain as traveller and thinker rather than as humorist. "The jester,"

says the *Daily Telegraph*,

"is almost completely merged in the traveller, and though now and again he points a witty moral to a sober tale, or 'rounds up' a page of statistics by a flash of humour in the true style of Artemus Ward, in the main he is serious, sometimes even sombre minded to a marked degree. . . . One jest he fires off on leaving, perhaps the last on hand. 'Two members of my family elected to go with me, also a carbuncle. The dictionary says a carbuncle is a kind of jewel. Humour is out of place in a dictionary'—and then for the remainder of the five hundred pages, saving for an occasional sprightly story or happy aside, we are as staid as the majority of travellers who do the round tour of the world in the least possible number of days and glory in that accomplishment."

This critic thinks that Mark Twain is least

pleasant when most political, as, for instance, when he writes:

"Rhodesia is a happy name for that land of piracy and pillage, and puts the right stain upon it."

Or when he says of Mr. Cecil Rhodes:

"I admire him, I frankly confess it; and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake."

To the *Daily Chronicle* the book suggests these interesting remarks:

"We accept Mark Twain as just the type of all the best American qualities of the best Americans on travel. He is always full of interest in everything he sees, and eager for information, which always appears to come quite new to him, no matter how familiar. He rushes from sight to sight, full of curiosity, and always in high spirits. He does not know the meaning of the words boredom and blasé. There is about him that country-cousin freshness which makes nice Americans the most delightful of companions. He likes 'culture,' but is not overcultured; and enjoys history, but does not know enough about it to make himself unpleasant. Above all, he is entirely frank about what he likes or dislikes, what he knows or has never heard of. He is quite free from the cant of secondhand criticism, and sees things for himself, no matter what the correct and recognised verdict on them may be. And is it not the perfect frankness of her opinions which makes the American girl so attractive?"

This critic then indulges in a column and a half of quotations, in the course of which he remarks:

"Perhaps the best is the 'Delicately Improper Tale,' which has no ending, and describes a young man in a very embarrassing situation as 'petting the horse a moment to secure its compassion and loyalty.' But, after all, the value of the book lies in what Mark Twain saw himself, and his own opinions on it all. His peculiar power of shrewd observation, and a wit which gains its effect by a kind of dry absurdity or exaggeration, is here seen at its best."

The *Scotsman's* critic agrees that humour is not the strong point of Mark Twain's latest book; but he likes the "informality" of the book, a quality which other critics have called disorder. And he likes the Pudd'nhead maxims, especially this one:

"To be good is noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler, and no trouble."

On the whole, the *Speaker's* remark—"not at his best"—is typical of the reviews of *More Tramps Abroad*. Not less so is this critic's remark that Mark Twain is "a jolly good fellow."

"Ballads of the Fleet,"
By Rennell Rodd.

THE Navy has found simultaneously two singers to give voice to its traditions and aspirations. We gathered the opinion of the critics last week on Mr. Henry Newbolt's *Admirals All*. The *Times*, after referring to Mr. Rodd's experience as a traveller and a diplomatist, says:

"The greater part of the book deals, in long Tennysonian ballad metre, with the exploits of the Elizabethan seamen, and especially of Drake, the poet's hero, whom he carries through many a thrilling adventure to the last moment when Elizabeth took his sword and when

She bared his blade, she rose a queen, a queen to mar or make—

'My little pirate, rise,' she cried, 'and be Sir Francis Drake.'

The ballads will naturally suggest comparisons, especially with Tennyson's 'Revenge,' the crown and flower of modern Elizabethan ballads, and with Mr. Kipling; but Mr. Rodd would be the last to desire to put himself into competition with either. Still he writes vigorously and well, as one who knows from experience, and not from books, of what fine stuff the English race is made, how it rises to meet danger, and how it loves the chances, the changes, and the terrors of the sea."

The *Westminster Gazette* makes this critical comparison:

"If only we could roll Mr. Kipling and Mr. Rennell Rodd into one, we should come very near the ideal ballad-writer. Mr. Rodd is as much too smooth with us as Mr. Kipling is too rough. The one carries us along on an easy stream, the other dashes us upon rocks and throws us bruised and beaten on the shore."

And this critic adds:

"Mr. Rodd's chief failing is a dangerous facility which carries him away from the matter in hand into pretty reveries and charming descriptions. You feel that he could go on for ever, often delighting you, and never falling below a certain standard of literary execution. But these very gifts are somewhat against the strong light and shade and stirring climax which the ballad requires. They also not infrequently prolong the poem to a length which exacts a good deal from the reader."

But he quotes, with enthusiasm, the following lines from the first of the poems, "Children of the Sea":

"'It was little enough like boyhood's dream—
when the light on a sunset sail,
To eyes that followed the outward-bound,
was more than a fairy tale;

To crouch chilled through on the dripping
planks and watch for the roving lights,
When green seas break on the dripping prow
through the endless wintry nights.

When the blast drives down from Bergen,
and the cloud-banks blot the moon,
And the evil sea is a churning race from the
chalk cliffs to the dune.'

"This is good writing, and it matters not that Mr. Kipling has shown the way. In short, there is good writing everywhere throughout these poems."

The *Scotsman* says Mr. Rodd's poems "are all written with the same inspiring gallantry."

"Lawrence Clavering,"
By A. E. W. Mason.

THIS historical romance comes in for high praise and acute criticism. *Literature* gives most of the first: "The most enthusiastic devotee of Scott can read *Lawrence Clavering* with enjoyment." But says this critic:

"Mr. Mason is, of course, not a Sir Walter. If he could produce some thirty stories as good as *Lawrence Clavering* he might claim a nearer comparison. We miss, too, the broad, clear touch; the machinery is a little too intricate; the sense of proportion not always exact, the characters—Herbert and his wife, for instance—sometimes lacking in individuality. But there are scenes of singular power. . . . The whole story is, it seems to us, conceived in the best vein of historical romance."

The *Spectator* thinks "the verdict of most readers will probably be that he got a great deal more than his deserts in winning the hand of so charming a lady as Mistress Dorothy Curwen."

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